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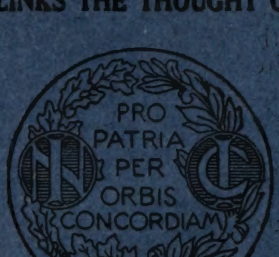
Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



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INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

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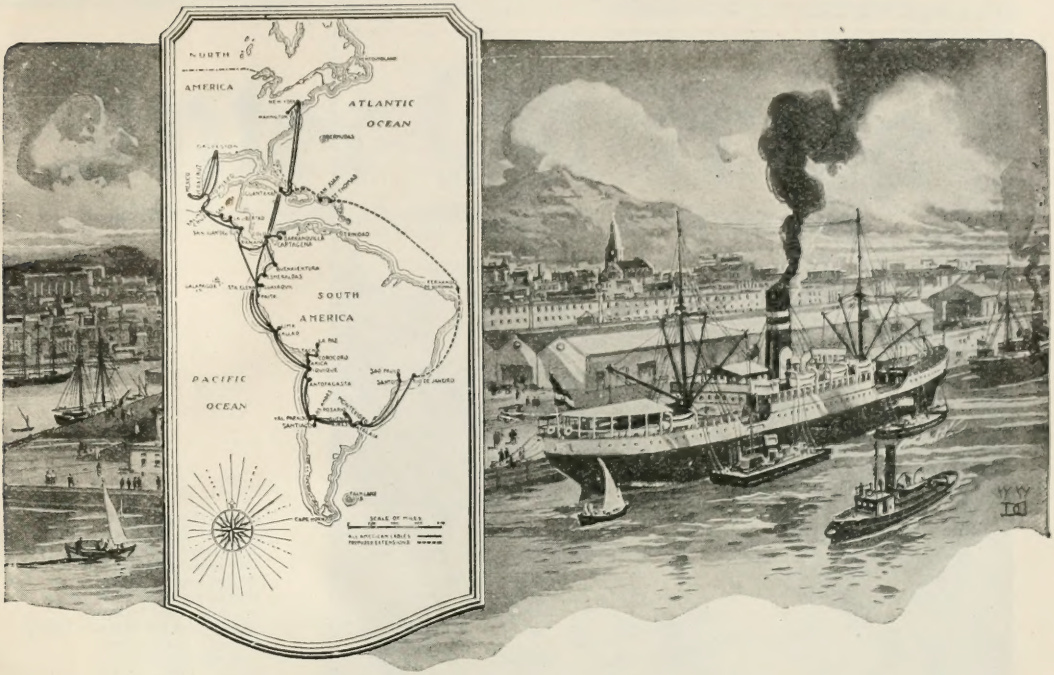

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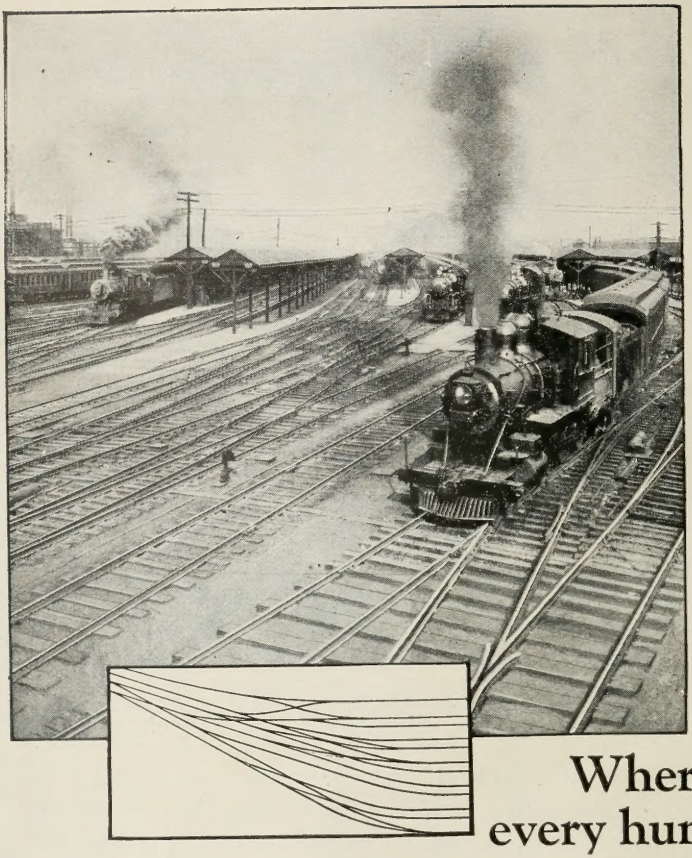

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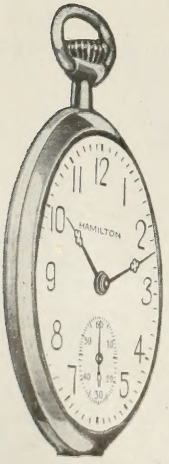

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

JULIO NOÉ was educated as a lawyer; he devotes much of his time to journalism and literature, and he is the author of a number of poems; he is one of the directors of the magazine *Nosotros*, of Buenos Aires.

ENRIQUE MOLINA is a Chilean educator and the president of the new university recently established at Concepción, Chile, formerly the Instituto Nacional de Concepción; he is in the prime of life, and he has exerted a considerable influence upon the educational movement of his country; in 1918, he came to the United States as a member of a commission appointed by the government to study education here; he spent almost a year traveling, studying and lecturing in this country; he is the author of *La cultura i la educación jeneral*, 1912; *Filosofía americana*, (no date); and of numerous newspaper and magazine articles; he is co-author with Leo S. Rowe of *Las democracias americanas i sus deberes*, 1917. His last work, *Por las dos americas*, 1920, is an account of his recent visit to the United States.

DIEGO CARBONELL was born in Cumaná, Venezuela; he was educated in Caracas, being graduated in medicine; later he studied in Paris for several years; he is at present the rector of the Universidad de los Andes, Mérida, Venezuela; he has written much on scientific subjects and history; he is the author of *Química ancestral; La epilepsia del Libertador;* and other works.

ARTURO CAPDEVILA is an Argentine man of letters who excels as a poet; among his poems may be mentioned: *Melpómene; Mi oración; Tragedia bíblica.*

JUAN MANUEL POLAR was born in Arequipa, Perú, in 1863; he is a good illustration of the self-educated man, as his intellectual attainments are the result, in the main, of his own effort and wide reading; from his youth he has enjoyed a reputation as a man of letters; he is the author of a number of poems and of many dramas and stories; he has written much upon the regional legends.

JOSÉ LEÓN PAGANO is a man of letters, painter and art critic, and he is a professor in the Academia Nacional de Bellas Artes and in the Escuela de Artes Decorativos e Industriales. Among his writings may be mentioned three plays: *La ofrenda*, 1914; *El balcón*, and *Y Dios dispone*, 1915.

HERIBERTO FRÍAS is a Mexican man of letters, and the author of historical novels, among which *Episodios militares mexicanos* is well known and much quoted.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTÚ was born in Vitoria, Spain, May 4, 1875; he was educated in Spain and France; he is a journalist and man of letters. He has spent much time in London, as the correspondent of *El Heraldo de Madrid* and other Spanish newspapers, and he contributes to many Spanish and Spanish-American newspapers and magazines; he is the author of several books and of many articles on the war, on historical and social subjects and on international relations.

SARMIENTO THE TRAVELER

BY

JULIO NOÉ

Those that are interested in America—her past and her possible future—in her men, her institutions and her intellectual and moral capacities, will find in Sarmiento a primal, unbending and enduring force, one that not only profoundly affected the life and character of the people of Argentina, but that every day gathers momentum, until its influence is felt throughout the whole continent. This article will both serve as an introduction to him, for those who are not already acquainted with his impressive personality, and present new aspects of his enormous activity to those who are already familiar with his general history, character and deeds.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN, at the end of October, 1845, Sarmiento left Chile, bound for Europe, his formidable literary work was at its beginning. The newspapers contained almost all his production, accomplished from day to day with feverish passion. Shortly before, he had published the *Vidas* of Aldao and of Facundo, which, in order not to rob the rest of its journalistic character, had also been written under the pressing demands of journalism. It is well known too that the man was not one more grumbler of the press. His bent as a constructor did not take kindly to sterile and narrow criticism; he longed, rather, for the occasion to carry out, himself, what he counseled in his articles. If an exile of tyranny, he was in no sense so from his country; for he felt equally at home in Argentina and Chile, because these two countries had a common past and because, in the presence of an identical future, the two had to face the same problems. Both on one side and the other of the cordillera, civilization must be achieved; and Sarmiento was not ignorant, certainly, of the pitfalls and obstacles that he would find along the way.

Perhaps, however, he did believe that as soon as his preachment should be begun he would find the warmth of friendly hands. His articles on popular education won him the sympathy of Manuel Montt, minister, at that time, of public instruction, by whom he was intrusted with the charge of founding the Escuela Normal de Preceptoras de Chile, the oldest to-day in South America, and barely two years younger than the first one opened in the United States. This fact and the publication of *Facundo*, gave to the Argentine expatriate a reputation such as could not be exceeded by that of the most eminent native that might not be favored by the prestige of a political position.

At the close of 1845, Sarmiento was commissioned to study the state of primary instruction in foreign countries. So propitious an occasion for travel must have filled with joy one that felt the air of Spanish America too rare for his ample lungs. He would see lands that from the first he had desired to know, and he would observe customs, analyze institutions, hobnob with eminent men.

Foreign countries, especially those of Europe, and then the United States, have always been the cherished goal of Argentine curiosity. It would be interesting to study the influence that journeys have exercised on the sensibility and ideas of a number of our men: Echeverría, Alberdi, Sarmiento, Juan María Gutiérrez, the two Canés, Lucio López, for example; to analyze their impressions, their judgments, their new ideas. This undertaking might yield us as much return as that of raking through their lectures and studies for the purpose of knowing better the spirit of the men who, in one or another form and not always with equal efficiency, have shaped our national literature.

In the case of Sarmiento, this study would be relatively easy. Inasmuch as his portentous mental activity was not able to dispense with the writings that would

reflect it, the evolution of his ideas can be readily followed through his very numerous works.

To Europe and to the United States, Sarmiento did not go, as no studious man would, without preconceived ideas. In his articles in *El Progreso* and *El Mercurio*,[1] he had frequently referred to the institutions, men, ideas and progress of those two worlds, and in them may be found in germ the judgments that he was soon to confirm by his journeys. One ought not to be surprised, after reading it, at how much he wrote in the book in which he narrated his wanderings through Europe, Africa and America, nor at his veneration for France, his censures of Spain, his enthusiasm for the United States, archetype—in his opinion—of the most modern civilization.

What, however, did Sarmiento understand by "civilization"? He spoke in his *Viajes* of the definition that was given us by Salvá in his dictionary, "because that of the Academy has no weight to-day." According to it, civilization "is that degree of culture attained by peoples and persons when, from the natural rudeness they pass to the beauty, elegance and gentleness of voice and customs characteristic of cultured folks." According to Sarmiento, this could not be, as was logical, a true conception. "This is what I should call *civility:* for neither low voices nor extremely finicky customs represent moral and physical perfection nor the forces that the civilized man develops to subdue nature to his use."

This is one of the directive conceptions of his formidable efforts as a scholar. What else did he seek, in his impatient life, than to give to his people that moral and physical perfection, and to train it for the possession of the powers that would subdue nature? What, besides, were his longings as a feverish educator, an intractable individualist or a very eminent president?

We should do wrong to follow the pages of the *Viajes*, while neglecting his essential conception. Sarmiento was not, certainly, an unprejudiced traveler, one that received impressions of travel in a virgin mind. He went abroad aware of what he wished to seek and knowing that he would find it. He entertained a very clear idea of remote countries and a solid standard by which to judge them.

Was it to be wondered at therefore that he no sooner reached Europe than he formulated general and definitive judgments? "Eh! Europe!" he says to us; "sad mixture of greatness and of baseness; of knowledge and at the same time of brutishness; sublime and dirty receptacle of all that elevates man or that holds him in degradation: kings and lackeys, monuments and lazarettos, opulence and savage life." This is what he was thinking while the vessel that conveyed him was making fast in the docks at Havre and he was being assaulted by an immense throng of servants, runners and porters. Superficially, precipitateness? No; truly. Sarmiento carried that exclamation in his bosom and in the depth of his consciousness and he gave utterance to it with the first impression that called it forth.

II

How was this book born in Sarmiento's mind? The reason for his going abroad has already been given: to study, or "to feel of"—to express it in his own words—"the state of primary instruction among the nations that have made it a branch of public administration."

The formidable worker, however, was not satisfied merely to visit schools, to study plans of instruction, to confer with educators and prepare the pertinent report. For that man of ample curiosity, a thousand things had interest; and from his observation he would retain clear-cut impressions and fixed recollections. Résumés of some of them were made shortly afterward for his friends; the rest he carried in his memory or kept in his notes.

Thus did Sarmiento conceive the idea of writing his book of travels. He would put in it all that he had observed of usages, institutions, men and monuments; all his reflections far from his own land in distant countries, his thought ever fixed on her; all he had suffered in becoming

[1]For an account of this newspaper, see the article entitled, "The Oldest Daily in South America," in INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918, page 77.—THE EDITOR.

confirmed in the idea that America was following the wrong road, and that there were "profound causes, traditions," that it was necessary to extinguish, if she were not to be dragged "to decay, to nothingness and to barbarism."

Sarmiento has said, in a beautiful phrase, what his journey itself was: "A continuous desire to find the solution of doubts that enveloped and obscured the truth like those dense clouds that at last break and flee and disperse, leaving us, clear and radiant, the immutable image of the sun." We repeat then: What else was his journey through life?

The man doubted as to the form that he would give his book. The uselessness of "impressions of travel" regarding very well known countries did not escape his judgment. What could he say of France, of Spain, of Italy, of the United States, that a cultured man would not know? Besides, did he possess a perfect capacity for observation? Sarmiento did not believe so. The traveler that set out from but slightly advanced nations, bound for those that were leading civilization, could with difficulty comprehend the complexity of their varied life, "for lack of the necessary preparation of mind, which leaves the eye turbid and short-sighted, because of the vastness of the scene and the multiplicity of the objects comprised within it."

Hence he gave up the idea of writing "impressions of travel," in the old sense of the phrase. He decided in favor of letters, just as Madame de Staël preferred the form of the novel; and he was afraid that some one, in reading his pages, would think of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Dumas, Jacquemont (who had written on their travels and had formed the public taste).

According to Barrès, the only method that is worth anything in the elaboration of a book of travels is that of "initiating the reader in the emotions that have been felt and in attempting to make him participate in the torments, the dramas and the disquietudes of the people that built up the civilization of other years." Sarmiento, more interested in the modern, wished, on the other hand, to get at the "spirit that agitates nations and institutions; that retards or pushes forward their progress, and those preoccupations of the moment that give to the narrative all its opportuneness and the peculiar tint of the period."

He believed that all these could be more easily transmitted to the reader in the epistolary form that he adopted, a form familiar in itself, and, besides, ductile and elastic. Elasticity and ductility Sarmiento always needed in the molds that were to contain his ideas, from languages to orthography, from literary genius to verbal freedom.

He thus made up his book of travels of the most diverse elements: of readings and personal observations, of statistics and esthetic emotions, of intimate details and social thoughts, all in the baroque dynamism that is characteristic of his work as a whole.

In 1849, now returned to Santiago, was published his *Viajes por Europa, Africa y América*. It came from the press of Jules Belin, who had come back with him from France to establish in his company the printer's business. The first edition was published in two volumes, small octavo, a division that has been followed in that of *La Cultura Argentina*.[2] His pages were reproduced by many contemporary dailies of Chile and Montevideo. In 1856, a new edition was brought out in Buenos Aires, and another two editions, when all his writings were collected by provision of the government in his *Obras completas*, reprinted in 1909 by the publishers, Belin Frères of Paris.

In spite of its great interest, and although *Viajes* contains all the personality of the youthful Sarmiento, this book is better known through its reputation than through the reading of it. To its fame have contributed not a little its detractors, from Martínez Villergas, the author of *Sarmenticidio*, to those in Chile and on the Río de la Plata that reproduced the opuscle of the Spanish poet.

In Spain, this work is little known, as

[2]An extensive series, published in Buenos Aires with this general title, under the direction of Doctor José Ingeneiros: it now comprises about a hundred volumes.—THE EDITOR.

we are told by *Azorín*,[3] *librorum helluo;* and, in truth, it was necessary that he should tell us. Sarmiento, who was more in himself alone, fifty years ago, than Joaquín Costa and all the younger generation of '98, is still unknown in Spain; or if not unknown, uncomprehended: the ultimate look and invariable grimace of that nation that never knew what America is.

Nor on our continent, either, is his book of *Viajes* very well known. On a propitious occasion, *La Cultura Argentina* republished it. In it there are pages that ought to be known and ideas that it is necessary to consider anew. All this, quite apart from the fact that Sarmiento is always the richest fountainhead of our America.

III

How did Sarmiento look upon France?

It is well known that, from of old, he venerated her. "The France of our dreams," he called her in *Viajes*, in writing from her his first letter to Carlos Tejedor. She was, in truth, the well-beloved nation of the best dreams of all the Argentines who, in exile, followed her thought and longed to stamp some day the oppressed country with the seal of her culture. They lived and wrote with their thoughts fixed on the work of the encyclopedists—Lerminier, Leroux, Toqueville, Guizot, Lamennais, Quinet, Michelet—from whom they received inspiration. Sarmiento, like all those of his generation, was well acquainted with these authors whose theories had shaped a good part of his campaigns. He knew also the literature of France, the only one that he called "literature applicable to the American peoples."

So that, although his admiration for the United States, which was soon to become a passion, had been born in Chile, Sarmiento preserved his greater love for France when he reached her shores.

He left the vessel at Havre. It is the fate of all travelers that the first port or the first city at which they arrive must make a disagreeable impression on them. Sarmiento did not like Havre. "It seems to me that Havre is not France; her very beautiful buildings are modern; there are no antiquities; there are no monuments." There are, however, great docks "that deposit the ships in the middle of the city, a monument that does not recall anything, but that constitutes the wealth and strength of a nation."

Let us pause a moment over these words of Sarmiento's. He was struck in Havre by the lack of old buildings as he dreamed of them, perhaps, in America, as he read the history of France. It seemed to him therefore that this port did not possess the spirit of the heroic nation, that nation which he admired and whose traces he sought. If, however, he was disillusioned in this sense, he admired, on the other hand, her docks, which are her wealth. Sarmiento lived then through hours of transition. He was still influenced by his French readings, which naturally bound him to the traditional past, at the same time that he began to be interested in the ultra modern and material, achieved marvelously by the United States. He was therefore in a very proper state of mind to visit France, the focus of all the passions, the center of all the longings, traditionalistic, and at the same time, liberal, a spirit always lively, with an arm always ready. Let it be understood that he visited her in 1846, when the profound upheavals, which were to reach a crisis in the revolution of '48, were beginning to be felt.

From Havre, whose surroundings pleased him, Sarmiento, accompanied by Monsieur de Tandonnet, a devoted Fourierist and a recognized Rosist, who was his friend in crossing, embarked on the Seine, bound for Rouen. The route was pleasant. He wrote Tejador afterward:

If you ever come to France, disembark at Havre and not at Bordeaux. Hereby runs the road of her history to reach Paris. Here I have found all her past: the Norman and the English lords, the traditions and the battles, the middle ages,

[3] The pseudonym of José Martínez Ruiz, one of the leading contemporary Spanish men of letters and journalists, who was born some forty years ago, either in Monóvar, Alicante, or in Yecla, Murcia. At least he spent much of his early life in Yecla, where he received his education. At the age of twenty he went to Madrid and began his career. He has served as a conservative deputy in the Cortes; he is the author of many books, among them *Azorín, La voluntad, Castilla;* and at present he is the editor of the periodical, *A. B. C.*, of Madrid.—THE EDITOR.

with their convents, their needles and their castles; and for the American, little informed at the beginning, it is well that objects shall present themselves to him in great masses, in order that they may strike his imagination profoundly.

The beautiful river and its picturesque banks were themes for his descriptions. He imparted to them a certain measure, proportion and fineness that are worthy to be kept in mind. In Rouen he admired the Gothic monuments, and he expressed his enthusiasm with sincerity.

Shortly afterward he reached Paris. What did he do there? He wandered. "*Je flâne.* I walk about like a spirit, like an element, like a body without a soul in this solitude of Paris." This too, after having eulogized vagrancy for her, a word to which he gave utterance only in French, since the Spanish did not have—in his opinion—one that would be equivalent to the *far niente* of the Italians and the *flâner* of the French, "because the one and the other are their normal state."

He was not, however, to remain longer in that state. A little later he had political interviews in which he treated with eminent men regarding the question of the Río de la Plata, of some note at that time in France; he followed the parliamentary debates and partizan polemics, while at the same time observing the vices and defects of the electoral politics and making a résumé of the theories that Guizot formulated to justify them, when he sought to strengthen the reaction.

Sarmiento did not wish to know the celebrated writers of France, except as a *colleague.* A claim to this was given him by his *Facundo.* "In taking leave of my good friend, the señor Montt," he wrote in one of his letters, "I said to him, with that modesty that characterizes me: 'The key to two doors I carry to penetrate France: the official recommendation of the government of Chile, and *Facundo;* I have faith in this book.' Translated, it obtained the reading of some, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* took note of it.

Amid his serious occupations, Sarmiento did not neglect pleasures and frivolities, which, in turn, suggested to him "brainy" reflections. He frequented public balls, which interested him extraordinarily, and he lamented, like any jolly boy, that his purse was too light for his appetite. "Ah! if I only had forty thousand dollars, and no more! What a year I should have in Paris! What a shining page I should put in my recollections for my old age! But I am *sage;* I am content to look on, instead of 'skylarking' as the others do."

He saw in the public balls an admirable school for popular culture. "Society *equalizes itself,* classes are lost, the woman of the lowest class puts herself in contact with the young man of high breeding, manners become refined, and the unity and homogeneity of the people become established."

In passing through Germany, he afterward had occasion to witness in Munich other public balls, and there, as in Paris, the recollection of the *chinangas*[4] of Chile gave him food for thought. "What a powerful instrument, placed in capable hands!" Sarmiento dreamed of educating by this means also, and in Europe, he felicitated himself upon having protested when some "Puritans"—as he called them—wished to suppress them, because the people drank more than was proper at them.

It should be said that the observation of the public pleasures suggested to him serious reflections regarding Paris. He esteemed in them, as a whole, what French life is: a complicity of enchantments. That page ought to be read at the present time, when the destiny of France is at stake.[5] He said:

> Here, where the human intelligence has reached its highest development, where beliefs, the arts, like the imagination, proceed along parallel lines, without any of them being separated from others, as happens with other nations, without the development of one branch by the excessive depression of other branches even more important; here, where man goes forward in the truth, and it may be believed to be just as it is really presented, and that it is to be presented thus whenever it be left to follow its natural inclinations! It must not be said that luxury cor-

[4] *Chinanga* is, according to Román's *Diccionario de chilenismos,* not so much a Chileanism as an Americanism, since he credits it to Chile, Perú and Ecuador: it is equivalent to the Spanish *taberna,* but enlivened with song and dance.—THE EDITOR.

[5] It should be remembered that this article was published in May, 1918.

rupts man's moral energy, nor much less, that pleasure enervates it, for hourly this people is seen to show symptoms of a moral energy unknown among the more frugal or sober peoples. The Frenchman of to-day is the most audacious warrior, the most ardent poet, the most profound savant, the most frivolous fop, the most zealous citizen, the youth most bent on pleasure, the most delicate artist and the gentlest man in his treatment of others. His ideas and his manners, his books and his novels, are to-day the model and pattern of all the other nations; and I begin to believe that this something that seduces us everywhere, this that we believe to be an imitation, is nothing less than the aspiration of mankind to draw near to a type of perfection, which is in humanity itself and which develops to a greater or less degree according to the circumstances of each people.

A beautiful page that answers those superficial people that still believe in the depravity, the degeneracy and decadence of France. As she was then, she is to-day, the immortal nation: serene, intelligent, strong throughout the storm.

IV

At the end of 1846, Sarmiento went to Spain. He visited her in the same year and at the same moment as those in which Dumas, Gautier, Cuvillier-Fleury and many other French artists and writers went to her on the occasion of a certain royal wedding and regarding which they left abundant written impressions.

It would be interesting to run through those impressions and compare them with Sarmiento's, to analyze the way in which those Frenchmen, who sought only poetry, viewed Spanish nature and customs, and the way in which this American ransacker of civilizations regarded them. With more time and space, we shall attempt to do it on another occasion. In the meantime, the reader familiar with the books of Gautier and Dumas can undertake it at once.

Sarmiento did not wish it to be thought —before writing on Spain—that he was prejudiced against her. He had said so much evil of her in his writings that doubt as to his impartiality was reasonable. He wished to bring against her a charge: "in order to found an accusation, which, as an already recognized prosecutor, I must do before the tribunal of public opinion in America."

Let us not place absolute faith, however, in the severity or impartiality that he promised us. Sarmiento entered Spain with prejudices and with not a few of them, ready to seek out the sores and to press his hands upon them maliciously, "to make them hurt." Did he therefore give us a false view of Spain? No; without a shadow of a doubt I say it; he gave us a very clear and exact one.

The pages he devoted to Spain are certainly the best of his book. They are penetrating, animated, vivid. France and the United States would be included later in longer readings and judicious reflections; Spain, no. He had her in his blood; he was of her race. He comprehended her by instinct, as much as by study; by tradition, as much as by analysis. He himself was a Spaniard, but a Spaniard of America —rebellious, modern and very talented. He growled at her, as later growled Costa and the men of '98, as to-day protest all those that understand Spanish patriotism in a very different manner from the mere exaltation of former greatness and questionable quixotisms. From the standpoint of America, he knew her to be poor, mean, backward, brutalized, sparse in population and in cultivated lands, indolent, unfeeling, apathetic. Because he cherished love for her in the depths of his consciousness, he was not able to fold his hands in the presence of her marasmus, and to behold, like other travelers, the Spain of color, of lightness, of the tambourine. He would judge Spain, which had given him "so many bad moments," as he judged South America, then very Spanish, and therefore very backward.

In the pages in which he described her, there are irony, sarcasm and, not infrequently, attachment.

Who is not acquainted with his book of *Viajes*, or at least with the few lines in which he sums up his impressions? Villergas spread them in his opuscle, and other writers quoted him afterward. From the sixteenth century, Spain remained, in the judgment of Sarmiento, in the same condition, or perhaps when he visited her she was a little worse. The ancient cities

were depopulated and ruined, and others had not been erected, while the towns had not become cities.

No industry has been started in three centuries, except the manufacture of the most wretched kind of matches. There is no national navy. There are no roads, except two great highways. Her carriages are *sui generis*. There is no popular education. There are no colonies. Printing and engraving have declined like the cities. Books are printed worse to-day in Spain than they were two centuries ago. There are no engravers. . . ."

Martínez Villergas, who entertained the public of Madrid and Habana with his verses and perhaps his familiars with his spicy stories, replied indignantly, although in the waggish tone that was natural to him. In 1853, he published in Paris: *Sarmenticidio o a mal sarmiento buena podadera. Refutación, comentario, réplica, folleto o como quiera llamarse a esta quisicosa que en respuesta a unos viajes publicados sin ton ni son por un tal Sarmiento ha escrito un tal Juan Martínez Villergas.*[6]

By the title alone, its author must have brought laughter to the readers that were attached to him, the habitués of all the cafés, casinos and public offices of Spain and Cuba.

The Spaniards of to-day, with a clearer consciousness and a more refined sincerity and judgment, look upon him in a different way. *Azorín*, who cites him, says that Sarmiento's book "may be placed, on account of its acuteness and depth, beside that of Saint-Simon;" and he understands that in its pages and in those of Villergas, there are "two logics, two sensibilities—different, antagonistic."[7]

Sarmiento barely saw in Spain the things that have always filled others—more artistic than he—with admiration: temples, ruins, castles, museums. He did not understand her literature, either, which he set much lower than was proper. He justified Spanish mendicity by its color, and the bull-fights by their splendor as a spectacle.

V

In 1847 Sarmiento reached the United States. The impression that the new nation made on him was tremendous He presented her in all her strength, her youth, her energy, her longing for perfection; but the true and living reality, the sight of her close at hand, exceeded all his calculations. That republic was such as he had dreamed of as a perfect country: rich, just, free, enterprising, enlightened. He admired her democracy; her institutions surprised him, her schools astounded him; he eulogized her roads, her improvised cities, her grave customs, her unconquerable impulse.

That country possessed the civilization that he conceived of—with her moral and physical perfection and the effort she displayed in subduing nature. He was made dizzy by her fantastic statistics, in which everything seemed as if tripled, quadrupled in a few years. Naturally, he compared it with what he knew: South America and Europe, from the village to the city, from administrative practices to religious practices, from the application of new inventions to the making of others. From every comparison, the United States issued, according to him, immeasurably great.

Until the time of his death, he retained his passion for the nation of the north. After his visit to her, all his endeavor was to bring her progress to South America, still under the lethargy of tyranny and ignorance.

When he returned to Chile, Sarmiento began the second stage of his gigantic work, with his eyes fixed on the republic of the north: her magistrates, her constitutionalists, her educators and her artisans.

Let us reread his *Viajes;* let us always reread Sarmiento's books. In no other work will our minds gather more energy, more patriotism, more prevision, more confidence in the destiny of the patria.

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[6]"Sarmenticide or for a bad vine-shoot a good pruning-knife. A refutation, commentary, reply, pamphlet or whatever you may be pleased to call this thing-umbob, which, in reply to certain travels without sound or reason, published by a certain Sarmiento, a certain Juan Martínez Villergas has written."

It is impossible to bring out in the translation the play on words: *Sarmiento* is a "vine-shoot."—THE EDITOR.

[7]Azorín: *Un discurso de La Cierva*, Madrid, 1914, pages 122-124.

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON

BY

ENRIQUE MOLINA

It is interesting and instructive to be made to see ourselves as others see us, particularly if those who aid us in this wholesome exercise are persons of intelligence and experience. The author of the following article, a Chilian educator, who is thoroughly acquainted with the world of Europe and South America and North America, and who thus has a good basis of comparison, points out, for the benefit of the youthful readers to whom the article is addressed, the salient physical and moral characteristics of our federal capital, as they appeared to him.—THE EDITOR

SOME cities have had the fate to be founded on privileged spots, and they are like the mouths of the rivers of fortune, whither the materials for vast development gather with ease. Constantinople and Alexandria constitute classic examples of this fact in the eastern Mediterranean, and London, Paris and Hamburg are examples of it in western Europe. The New World presents similar cases in the gigantic metropolitan cities of New York and Buenos Aires. Washington, the federal capital, may not be included in this group. It has been built, it is true, in the central part of the eastern region, and on beautiful ground covered with soft hills, on the banks of the Potomac; but neither because of its industries, which are few, nor because of its commerce, which is relatively poor, can it compete in movement with the great centers of the Union. Washington is an artificial city, created by the will of the American nation, to serve as the seat of government of the republic, the federal parliament and the representatives of foreign nations. It lacks those forms of life that result from the stupendous growth of peoples; but it does possess, indeed, what the wealth of a fabulously rich treasury has been able to create; and the capital is a city of beautiful vistas, parks, magnificent official palaces, and one that possesses, in quantity and quality, monuments such as are to be found in no other part of the country. A friendly and intelligent Chilian woman of letters[1] said to me with much spiciness that Washington had seemed to her to be a Sunday city.

At one end of Pennsylvania avenue, which is the principal one in Washington, rises the vast and magnificent palace of the capitol, where are housed the halls of the congress and the supreme court of justice. This grandiose structure is in the renaissance style, and its very lofty and widely known cupola stands out in the background of that end of the avenue as an incomparable decoration.

From the palace, one descends by monumental steps to the extensive and beautiful park that surrounds it. The days in which we were going about the city visiting it—which were in the month of May and unbearably hot—the capitol park, like the other parks of the city, constituted a refuge for the suffocated inhabitants. They were to be seen in shirt-sleeves and lying on their backs on the turf or seated under the shade of the leafy trees, tossing crumbs of bread to the friendly squirrels, which, with perfect confidence, frisked about them.

As in European countries, and especially those of the north, the ogival style has become consecrated as proper to consis-

[1]We permit ourselves to divine—in order to be able to mention so useful and distinguished a citizen of Chile in our pages—that the author refers to the señora Amanda Labarca Húbertson, the author of *Impresiones de juventud*, 1909, (literary studies); *Actividades femeninas*, 1914, (social studies); *En tierras extrañas*, 1915, an account of an extended stay in the United States; and *La escuela secundaria en los Estados Unidos*, 1919. The señora Labarca Húbertson is the director of one of the public schools of Santiago. She was a member of an important commission sent by the government of Chile to the United States in 1918 to study primary and secondary education. She spent almost a year, traveling widely and investigating schools of all types and in all parts of the country. The last of the works mentioned above contains the results of her investigation. It was published by the Chilian government, and is a very exhaustive scientific study of the subject.—THE EDITOR.

torial palaces and others of a public character, so in the United States a similar consecration has been achieved for government houses by edifices of the renaissance style, crowned by gigantic cupolas. For this reason we find imitations more or less beautiful of the capitol in Oakland, Sacramento, Madison and elsewhere.

The Congressional library, located not far from the capitol, separated from it by a fair extent of the park already mentioned, is also an ample and beautiful edifice. It does not possess the proportions or external grandeur that distinguish the capitol, but the beauty of its interior far surpasses that of the latter. The richest of marbles, of the most varied colors, have been lavished and artistically combined on the floors, stairways and columns. The domes, galleries and halls are decorated with admirable mural paintings that symbolize the most important stages of human culture. The reading-room is an imposing rotunda of yellow jasper with an octagonal base—ample, lofty and majestic as a temple. Any person may enter here who desires to consult or to read any of the two million volumes of which the library consists. At the height of the second floor, the base of the rotunda forms a gallery or circular platform, to which visitors that do not come to read have access, and around which stand as embellishments some twenty statues of poets, philosophers and writers, in bronze and of life-size.

I do not hesitate to say that the vestibule is of a beauty that bewilders, or that the whole edifice, because of its richness and artistic merit, is to be regarded as the first architectural monument of the United States. Its magnificence can only be compared with that of the basilica of Saint Peter's in Rome, or that of the Théatre National de l'Opéra in Paris.!

The library possesses also very rich collections of maps and engravings.

Another important building of the capital, and of especial importance for Latin-Americans, is the palace of the Pan American Union. It may be seen that it has been sought to give to it a representative character. The architecture is of a style that we might call tropical colonial. The center of the building consists of a large Spanish *patio*, in which are grown plants of the torrid zone as decorations. In the midst of them, the scene is heightened by some showy macaws. Why has the tropical been chosen as representative of all Latin America? Are the macaws there symbolic ciphers, as it were, of the supposed verbosity of the peoples of the southern continent or of their disposition to repeat what others say? Perhaps this malicious irony was not in mind, and the preference in favor of the plants and birds of the equatorial regions may have been the result of the fact that they are better suited than others for decorative purposes in the limited space.

In the cornice that surrounds the *patio* are placed the names and coats of arms of the Latin-American nations, and in an adjacent gallery, set upon columns of marble, stand the busts of the heroes of the independence of these peoples: Bolívar, San Martín, Artigas and so many others. A column is unoccupied, awaiting its bust. Was it designed, perhaps, by error for an unfortunate people that has had no heroes? Oh, no! It is the one that is to bear the image of the Chilian hero, O'Higgins. In the meanwhile, the father of our country, somewhat of the spirit of Chile, is absent from that gathering of venerable marbles.

We are unable to conceal that the exhibition of so much carelessness pained us.

From every point that we have visited, from all the streets, beaches and parks, is to be seen the commanding monument of the eponymous hero of the city, the national hero, the great Washington. What an original and grandiose conception!

Above an umbrageous park, on the edge of the city, toward the southwest, rises from a natural open knoll the colossal structure of granite. It is an immense obelisk, 555 feet in height, that stretches away toward the heavens like an enormous mast, cutting the azure vault with its straight, majestic lines, converging slightly as it soars. The conception of this monument reveals a certain artistic audacity and psychological intuition. It was not easy to divine, in the simple contemplation of the plan, the marvelous effect it was going to produce in the reality of its extreme nakedness; hence

the audacity of its conception. For the same reason, it corresponds admirably—as nothing else could have corresponded—to the grandeur, the solid simplicity and rectitude of the hero that it symbolizes; hence its psychological merit. On its smooth face of hard, gray stone is not to be found any inscription, any relief, any representative medallion. The column rises sovereignly above the city and the plain like a silent giant, concentrated and benign, charged by its attitude with proclaiming throughout eternity the glory of the great man, like some giant that might shed beneficent influences and work upon the minds of men through the evocation of moral values. "Wonder not," it seems to say, "at my mute withholding of my meaning. I have no need of written character or ciphers or portraits or vain adornments. You who tread this soil of the hero can not be ignorant that I am here. Behold me, imitate me and elevate your hearts in a prayer of civism."

THE NATURAL SCIENCES IN VENEZUELA

BY

DIEGO CARBONELL

Humboldt left his trail in Venezuela, just as he did in many other parts of America and of the world. He it was that stirred the first impulse to the study of the sciences in Venezuela. He was followed in the realm of science by eminent Venezuelans, however, who continued his work. The author sketches the development of the natural sciences, from the time of the arrival of Humboldt, shortly prior to the beginning of the struggle for independence, until the present day, and he not only gives facts regarding the careers of the authors, but he analyzes their work sufficiently to make clear what were the philosophical principles that underlay their lives and informed their scientific undertakings.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN the natural sciences are mentioned in Venezuela, historical justice demands that the evolution through which they have passed should be divided into three periods: that of influence, which properly belonged to Baron Alexander von Humboldt; the period of the first experimental studies, which, in truth, was associated with the wise José Vargas; and the period of doctrines, filled entirely by the señores Adolf Ernst and Rafael Villavicencio.

Better than we ourselves, don Arístides Rojas, in his *Recuerdos de Humboldt*, was to tell us of what that influence consisted. He writes:

For three quarters of a century, Humboldt has had for a roof the earth and the sky; peoples and kings, as an audience; the Andes and the Himalayas, as stairways; and three generations, as a cortège. He comes like the symbol of progress, and, extending his arms in proportion as he conquers, he at length dominates the world. During his life, he carried upon his shoulders the cosmos, and, when wearied, his hair already gray and his powers weakened, he clamored for rest, death came in search of him to ease him of his heavy burden. . . . He was the soul of progress and the Nestor of the productive metamorphoses of the human spirit. From the Teyde to Vesuvius, from the Alps to the Himalayas; in the deserts of Asia, and on the plains and in the forests of the New World; from the Mississippi to the Amazon and the affluents of the Plata; from Cotopaxi and Chimborazo to Popocatépetl; on snowy summits and scorching plains and the shores of great lakes and on the lava of ancient volcanoes: everywhere he has left his name. One day he trod the regions of the Orinoco, evoked the shade of Columbus and traced the road that Bolívar was to follow.

A whole galaxy of German scholars is recalled by don Arístides, and certainly many of them have influenced the scientific spirit of our forefathers; but to Humboldt belonged the paternity of influence. According to the same biographer, Humboldt reached Caracas on November 21, 1799; and the señor Rojas remarks:

A singular thing! The savant had not found in Caracas either general instruction or press publications; much less ideas of progress on the part of the backward and ignorant authorities, designed rather to watch over a band of helots than to govern a state so favored by nature, and where talents abound. Nevertheless, in spite of this absence of scientific progress, there were a group of cultured men, private libraries, delightful conversation, and geniuses who, in the silence of obscurantism, had educated themselves, without having had to apply to the cloister of a university that savored more of a convent than of an institution of learning.

Nor even after his departure did the love of study become strong among us, for, as was arffimed by the señor Rojas in his *Orígenes venezolanos*, "since the project of the academy was buried by Carlos IV, no one dared to speak of scientific studies." This state of backwardness was all the more lamentable inasmuch as,

While in Venezuela the exact sciences and the physical sciences were not known, and while chemistry and physics had no adepts, in some of the other colonies of America were formed groups of competent men under whose leader-

ship the scientific spirit harvested abundant fruits. . . . In the study of American bibliography, there does not appear a single Venezuelan that wrote on the sciences during the colonial period. Whatever was published in Spain or in America belonged to other regions of the continent. Moreover, while the creation of universities in the American capitals goes back to the end of the sixteenth century, the university of Caracas dates from the last century.

All this teaches us that we began to awaken in the world of intellectual phenomena when the encyclopedia of Diderot and d'Alembert, of the metaphysician Ivon and the electrician Monnier, of the naturalist Daubenton and of the astronomer Lalande, of the chemist Moreau and of the critics Voltaire and Marmontel, proclaimed throughout the world, at the end of the eighteenth century, that scepticism was the best of philosophies! Against that state of supreme ignorance was demanded the supreme power of the social and political victories spoken of by the historian of the *Orígenes*:

The ideas of Bolívar in 1827, when with enlightened courage he developed the plan of studies in Venezuela, had no complete solution except in the hour of the dismemberment of Colombia. By the decree of the constituent congress of the republic, issued in Valencia, October 14, 1830, the Academia de Matemáticas was created in Caracas. It was opened on November 4, 1831, in the ancient chapel of the seminary. With the study of the mathematical sciences arose the study of medicine, at whose head was Vargas. This impulse was followed by the Academia de Dibujo, and the creation of the Colegio de la Independencia, which prepared the way for institutions of higher instruction and advanced the current that has been flowing from that time down to the present day, in which the university has been enriched by courses of natural science and by other courses.

What ideas had Humboldt sown in the minds of his Venezuelan admirers? At times it would not be difficult to find in the Humboldtian thought a certain tendency related to vitalism, although at other times he was exhibited as an upholder of the entelechies of his compatriot Hoffmann of the university of Halle. In his *Ansichten der Natur*, materialism has in him an eminent representative. The following words regarding vital force are his:

Reflection and continuous study in the domain of physiology and chemistry have modified my old belief in different vital forces. In 1797, I declared at the end of my essay on nervous and muscular irritability, that I held the preëxistence of such forces to be in no way demonstrated. Since then, I have no longer dared to present as particular forces what is a mere product of the concurrence of substances and of their material properties, rightly understood . . . In the organism, everything is, at one and the same time, a means and an end.

This would give the measure of the reasons on which the Jesuit of the Tyrol, the Reverend Father Burgsfaller, would take his stand, when, in 1858, he declared in his sacred course that the books of Humboldt were perverse; that the German savant had corrupted half the world!

Neither what has just been said nor what went before would enable us to classify the illustrious explorer. Perhaps he was one of the most celebrated agnostics that have lived in the world; yet, however difficult the problem of his mentality, Humboldt can not be contained in a mold of this or that philosophical school: he was a savant in the most ample meaning of the word. So, like our insuperable don Arístides Rojas, the most illustrious of the Venezuelans that have followed the path of the German, he can not be placed anywhere except among the historians, and much less among the naturalists, because he was all this, as well as an entomologist, a philosopher, a poet and a man of letters. In the same manner, the Baron von Humboldt was, like Homer, according to Lamartine, quoted by Doctor Rojas:

The multiple man, a living résumé of all the desires, all the intelligence, all the heroisms, of the soul: a creature as complete as human clay can be in all the perfection of which it is susceptible.

Limiting ourselves to his labors as a naturalist, it is true that these brief pages would not be sufficient to give us an idea

of his inestimable work as a botanist. Reflect that his work, *Voyage aux régions équinoxiales du nouveau continent*, consists of six parts that form ten volumes. The last part treats exclusively of botany, of plant studies in America, from México to the banks of the Amazon. Humboldt's collaborator was his fraternal companion, Aimé Bonpland, whose martyrdom under the tyranny of Doctor Francia in Paraguay you ought to know in detail, thanks to the generous attitude exhibited by the Liberator on that occasion. It was Bonpland who, according to Humboldt himself, arranged more than twelve hundred species of plants collected and classified in America.

Both Humboldt and Bonpland are going to endure among us, thanks to the fact that that diversity of different knowledge that constitutes the smiling part of the Humboldtian science is marvelously adapted to the youthful intelligences of our peoples.

The influence of Humboldt, and of no other, was transmitted unchanged, for we are to think that the illustrious German rejected, because of the inborn necessity of his genius, all outside influences that the learned men of his period might have had upon him. However, the spirit of his inquisitive tendency we are to find here and there, yet beautifully comprehended, in Arístides Rojas; but much earlier, Doctor José Vargas was to impose the experimental method.

Vargas arrived at the precise hour when Venezuela needed the powerful encouragement of his scientific activity. If he had come before, he would have failed. His presence was necessary after the turmoil of the struggle for independence. Earlier, in the ebb and flow of battle, in the drama of combat, the young soul of the sciences slept the sleep of infancy. It was fashioned in the silence of the experimental laboratory, and it came forth like a balsam in the presence of the desolation caused by the cruel phenomenon of the sanguinary struggle. The impulse that resided in the struggle was then transformed into the astonishing activity of other struggles, to such an extent that scientific investigation acquired the right to claim originality and to become great, inasmuch as it was, in quality, a dissimilar prolongation of the other struggles.

Vargas came to fill that gap which the absence of a wise leader would have occasioned between the furor of the epic triumphs and the later unbearable and dangerous inactivities of a young people whose social preparation was scanty.

For us, "fact," in the natural sciences, is represented wholly by Doctor Vargas. Seldom has occurred the case in which the sciences could become acclimated in a country by a means so splendid and fruitful. Botany not only did not lose merit in the new atmosphere, but it gained in material and in new conceptions regarding a flora that was almost unknown to European naturalists.

Twenty-five years after the learned Humboldt sowed in the select minds of Caracas the seed of scientific curiosity, Vargas, who in England, above all, drank deep draughts of the multiplicity of the Humboldtian cycle, returned to Venezuela, where already had begun to be fruitful the ideas cast by the German upon the four winds of Venezuelan intellectuality, from the Ávila to the burning margins of the Orinoco.

While Páez was penetrating the "Cosiata," Vargas, as his biographer remarks,[1] "had given himself over, in 1826, to the sweet and tranquil study of the natural sciences." About the end of this fateful year, he wrote to the learned Genevan, de Candolle, and said to him: "I make known to several of my countrymen of some learning the great advantages that they ought to expect, in respect of the knowledge of the plants of the country and the propagation of botanical studies, from the works of so illustrious a professor. . . ." Then he sent him a collection of as many as a hundred botanical species, for which de Candolle remunerated him by presenting him with scientific works. Also the most eminent disciple of the Genevan, the botanist, Philippe Mercier, began epistolary relations with Vargas, and the latter sent him five hundred specimens of different species. The Frenchman Plée counted him among his

[1]Laureano Villanueva: *Biografía del Dr. José Vargas*, Caracas, 1883.

best friends, and Codazzi says the following, in speaking of the aid given him by the experimental work of our illustrious son of La Guaira: "The laborious and modest Venezuelan, José María Vargas, already known to the learned world by his works on the sciences, has classified many plants that were withheld from the observation of his predecessors. . . ." When, in 1832, he was elected first magistrate of the nation, he lamented, in a letter to de Candolle, his not being able to send him plants, in conformity with his wishes. The presidency was, he said, a burden far too heavy for his strength and his health.

Vargas made his classification according to the Linnean system, which availed itself of certain sexual characteristics, but he also bore in mind the classification of de Candolle, which, in the last analysis, was but a variation of the method established by Laurent de Jussieu. The works of Linnæus and the classification of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire were familiar to him. He studied Lamarck and he enlarged his knowledge in the comprehension of the deep theogonic problem of the Trinity.

You can judge by this brief outline what was the mental activity of the physician, botanist, chemist and philosopher; and the amplitude of his mental capacity, as if it had been the patrimony of medieval wisdom and of our own achievements. Therefore I say to you that Vargas expressed in his activity the illustrious activity of Humboldt: he was learned in all human knowledge; or, as wrote don Rafael Villavicencio, in the *Primer libro venezolano*,

> there was no branch of the sciences that was unknown to him; so he delved in all the abstract sciences, or those whose purpose was to ascertain the natural laws that govern phenomena—physical, mental, biological—as well as in the concrete sciences, which apply these laws to the study of the bodies that compose what is called the external universe: geology, mineralogy, zoölogy.

His prudence kept pace with his science. Lecturing once, in his chair of anatomy in the Universidad Central, he expressed himself thus:

> Inorganic bodies are formed whenever similar molecules are brought into contact by any cause, or whenever dissimilar molecules can, by combining, form a new whole. Organic bodies, on the contrary, always spring from an organic body, already existent or similar to them. We can easily see the first origin of an inorganic body, and form artificially a certain number of inorganic bodies; but we can never see an organic body formed, without the preëxistence of a body of the same kind: we do not see the origin of any such body, and our senses, the same as our ratiocination, always conduce to our not seeing in organic beings other than successive developments, produced by molecules that arrange themselves by becoming deposited in a tissue or indivisible and preëxisting mold.
>
> As to the first origin of organic beings, we are in the same ignorance as we are regarding that of matter in general.

As may be seen, Vargas seems to have roundly denied spontaneous generation, or at least he declared himself to be agnostic; and, being a deist, he was a firm creationist. In his epoch, the philosophy that presided over studies in botany and zoölogy was not a biological philosophy: it was just about the time when there began to be scattered through the world the books on biology written by Lamarck, Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. It was from another source that biology, properly so-called, came.[2]

When the German Adolf Ernst settled in Venezuela in 1861, the soil that Doctor Vargas had begun to prepare was already fertilized. It is but just that we should introduce a remark: the experimental work of Doctor Vargas was lacking in philosophical elements. We have already seen that the celebrated son of La Guaira evaded explanations in respect of the problem of life, and that he preferred to keep to the realm of a discreet agnostic. On the other hand, the learned Ernst, without forgetting experimental work, gave new turns to concepts, and at once demanded of philosophy its powerful aid. From this point of view, Doctor Ernst was as eminent in the school of fact as in the field of the most brillant ideas. Very few outstripped him in this sense. What am I saying? We have not even imitated him: we are now content to diffuse merrily and grotesquely, servilely

[2] The cellular theory of Schleiden and Schwan dates from 1830.

copying the ideas of others; and when here and there arises, as a rare occurrence, an experimenter, he hangs anvils on the nib of his pen, to such an extreme as to make himself unbearable, and he kills his work by means of the wretched taste he displays in setting it forth. The señor Doctor Razetti, for example, suffers from some of these pecadillos in his work on biology or naturalistic philosophy. His master, Doctor Ernst, knew how to unite severity of experimentation with agility of thought: there is deep originality, both in his organic investigation and in his philosophical conclusions.

Ernst was, according to Razetti, "the first professor of natural history in the Universidad de Caracas, where he took up his work in 1861." Two years later, he founded, according to the same biographer, a chair of natural history. In 1865 he began a series of his valuable scientific monographs that ran into three hundred odd. For thirty-two years (1865-1897), Ernst labored for the progress of science in many realms: he was a botanist, linguist and physicist, historian, zoölogist, man of letters, ornithologist, ethnologist, philosopher and agronomist: a great, generous soul of vast brain,

> with intelligence of the first order, Ernst devoted himself with patriotic ardor to the study of our flora and our fauna, with so much discernment and wisdom that his articles were given a place of honor in the periodicals of greatest reputation in two worlds. . . .

It was to this man that the young men of Venezuela were indebted for the radical change in their philosophical tendencies: with Ernst they learned to appreciate properly the biology that about the time of Ernst's establishment in Venezuela (1861) Professor Haeckel was teaching in his chair at Jena. Naturally, when the *Generelle Morphologie der Organismen*, by this scholar, appeared in 1866, Ernst was the first to speak here among us of the turn that the learned monist had given to the natural sciences.

Nevertheless, not a single monograph of his, among those that I have been able to read, paints in precise tones his personality as that of an "unconditional" admirer of Haeckel, with the possible exception of his *Misceláneas zoológicas*, or in some of his *Observaciones botánicas*, of which I am ignorant also, and in which it may be that he took ground in favor of the doctrines that the famous Haeckelian school sought to impose. It might be also that in 1870, Haeckel's work did not possess the authority in Germany that was later conceded to it. At any rate, it is well to bear in mind, with due regard for historical justice, that, as Razetti remarks,

> Ernst and Villavicencio are the true founders of the modern philosophical school of Venezuela. . . . To them we owe all the progress achieved in the teaching of the biological sciences in our country and the radical intellectual transformation of the Venezuelan youth toward scientific and artistic ideals in harmony with the spirit of the period. . . .

What scholar shares with Ernst the heavy burden of this transformation of which Razetti speaks? Don Rafael Villavicencio is at present the only representative of those wise men who still, at the end of the last century, served as exponents of the multiple sciences of Vargas and of the enthusiasms of Humboldt, whose most fortunate disciple seems to have been the diversely talented don Arístides Rojas.

Villavicencio was not, speaking properly, a naturalist by reason of his experimental labors, which were far removed from the abundant work of Vargas. Villavicencio might reply with Beuf: "To the cry of the empirics: 'Facts, nothing but facts,' I oppose my cry: 'Ideas, ideas! we need ideas!'" For he has concerned himself more with positivistic ideas than with the facts, which would be in science what is positive for progress, according to some. It was he who first set forth, in his chair at the Universidad Central, the Comtian tendencies and method, which is equivalent to saying that the anti-metaphysical philosophy, which proclaimed three states for humanity—the theological, the metaphysical and the positive—was the subject of his conferences. However, justice demands that we recognize in Villavicencio a prudent and wise professor: perhaps he would have surprised the aspirations of the young men of his period, who are the

masters of to-day, and seeing that independence of scientific thought was a necessity for them, he declared, once for all, apropos of *Las ciencias naturales en Venezuela,*

> that those who asserted that the doctrine of evolution is contrary to the principles of spiritualistic philosophy are guilty of a capital error, born of a confusion that is made between the nature of the two problems. . . . Transformism is a biological question; materialism and spiritualism are philosophical questions.[3]

By this means is adjusted for Villavicencio all subsequent difficulty in the evolution of his scientific ideas, which, in respect of philosophical materialism, are garbed, in the case of a savant, with a strange pessimistic investiture, and which is, in our humble opinion, the most prudent manner of thinking. He said:

> Accepting the opinion that animal and vegetable species have risen from gradual and successive transformations, and not from separate acts of creation, there still remains to be explained what was the first origin of life, and there is room here for the idea of spontaneous generation or for supernatural creation. The latter of these is evidently a spiritualistic hypothesis, and even assuming that we should choose the former, we should still need to learn what was the first origin of matter, and we again come face to face either with the eternity of matter—a materialistic hypothesis—or with creation *ex nihilo,* a spiritualistic hypothesis. . . It is as much an act of faith to believe that matter is eternal as to assert that it has been created out of nothing, because both beliefs are undemonstrable, and they bring us into the presence of difficulties incapable of solution by our intelligences.
>
> We do not desire to let the occasion pass without saying that, whether because of the nature of our minds or because of the character of our education or because of both, we believe that the universe is a manifestation of a supreme and incomprehensible power.

A marvelous formula that placed Villavicencio beyond all polemics!

A later definition of his faith was given in his work *La evolución,* published in 1912. It runs thus:

> There is no contradiction between our former and our present ideas: the most that can be said is that we have passed from *agnostic monism* to *spiritualism,* which is not a *contradiction,* but an *evolution.*

I am the first to applaud this confession of an illustrious master, to whom prejudice and dogmatism would be alien. My applause is all the franker since I now recall that I was one of the first to criticise somewhat his apparent desertion of the scientific ranks. It is because I once judged somewhat lightly his work *La evolución,* merely because I was amused by his exposition of the tablet of emerald and other miniatures regarding the Orphic doctrine.

This work of Villavicencio's would mark a very natural tendency, not only in his own philosophical ideas, but also in those of the learned men of this period. If we except don Tomás Nichelena, who was not properly a man of learning, all Villavicencio's contemporaries have followed the path of philosophy that transports them, with the passing of the years, to the merciful summits of the Christian religion.

The "evolution" of the disciples of Villavicencio has been otherwise.

Of the school of Ernst and Villavicencio were José Gil Fortoul and Luis Razetti. The former, better prepared for the interpretation of the historical problems, published, nevertheless, in 1890, and as a prologue to his books on the Venezuelan man, his *Filosofía constitucional,* in whose pages he affirmed that

> sympathy, maternal love, prevision, even the sentiment of religiosity, from which the metaphysicians have sought to deduce a characteristic of man, are feelings that we find outlined in organisms that were born and began to develop in remote periods of zoölogical evolution. . . .

He then made his evolutionary thought a little more concrete when he declared:

> In the monkeys, there exists the same diversity of sexual union as in man: the *Macacus silenus* takes only one female, and he is faithful to her until death. The ideal of modern indissoluble matrimony! The *Gorilla gina* builds small huts presided over by a single adult male,

[3] It was in December, 1866, that Villavicencio set forth, for the first time in Venezuela, the principles of positivistic philosophy.

as took place in the case of the first groups of men.

When he speaks of social systems, he says the following, in respect of the designs of Providence: "This summary exposition is sufficient to make it understood that science has no part in all these fantasies and that social laws ought to be sought elsewhere." This ranks Gil Fortoul as a mystical atheist, and one that duly appreciated the transcendence of natural laws.

In Razetti, this mystical tendency appears more accentuated: he has made a profession of unswerving faith that appears in the first page of his book, *¿Qué es la vida?* published in 1907:

> If in the pages of this book there be found any phrases whose sense is contrary to the principles of monistic philsophy or to the laws established by the doctrine of descent, let it be as if not written.

Since February, 1904, Razetti has devoted himself to the enterprise of diffusing in Venezuela the fundamental principles of biology in his chair at the Universidad Central. His address before the Academia de Medicina, in September of the same year, led him to set forth in the daily press the principal chapters of the biological sciences, and he wielded the pen of a polemic. This celebrated discussion, which gave rise to his book, *¿Qué es la vida?* and other pamphlets, seems to demonstrate that in Venezuela those who occupied themselves with the natural sciences were very few.

The entire academy gave signs of a profound irritation: the clergy became alarmed and appealed to the scholastics, and there appeared in the arena of combat Archbishop Castro defending the dogma; while don Juan de Dios Méndez y Mendoza defended philosophy; Father Álvarez and Pepe Coloma defended intolerance; and the presidential chaplain, don Manuel Caballero, defended the biological ideas that best adapted themselves to the tendencies of historical Christianity; Father Ollarves Colón, finally, doing apologetic duty for the Pentateuch. . . . When calmness again fell upon the hearts of men, in 1910, Father Crispín Pérez, in a volume entitled *La Biblia y la ciencia,* studied the Holy Scriptures in their relation to the natural sciences.[4]

In the thick of the fray, appeared Doctor Elías Toro as the author of the book entitled *Antropología general,* published in 1906; but previously, in 1905, was issued another of his works, *Por las selvas de Guayana,* in whose pages there is indeed useful material for the botanist and the zoölogist.

When Razetti presented his hypothesis regarding the origin of life, the academician, Delgado Palacios, expressed himself in a very original and ingenious monograph regarding his peculiar theory of fermentations. It is this profound investigator that has attempted, among us, to push the abstract forms of molecular structures along the same path of morphological evolutions.

It seems that the technical language of the señor Delgado Palacios did not permit the expansion of his ideas, as chemists and biologists do not abound in the academy. In general, this Caracas society is too mixed to be versed in the important questions of biology and biological chemistry.

Delgado Palacios, although he speaks sometimes about the "divine intelligence that follows and directs the cosmos;" although at times he mentions "God as the sun of the intelligence," in order to combat the pantheistic conception that refers to the filiation of the human soul in the bosom of the "God-ether-cosmos," is, however, one of the most pronounced of evolutionists in the doctrineless self-expression that is characteristic of the academic body. In his *Discurso de orden,* published in 1907, he says: "Species, in the course of the centuries, behaves like an individual, in the passage of the years: it moves, is transformed and evolves like a living animal." When he speaks of evolutionism, he says:

> All changes, moves, struggles and undergoes

[4] The following are the authors and works connected with the discussion of evolution: Father Eduardo A. Álvarez T., *Origen y evolución de las especies,* 1904; Juan de Dios Méndez y Mendoza, *El origen de la vida,* 1905; the archbishop of Caracas, *El origen de la vida,* 1905; Father José Ollarves Colón, *Origen del hombre,* 1905; Father Manuel J. Caballero M., *Refutación,* 1907.

incessant transformation. Nothing remains quiet or immobile in animate or in inanimate nature. Universal life is not an hypothesis, not a mad vision of the spirit, but a real fact, tangible and evident. Science has demonstrated incessant the evolution and transformation of soils, stones, animal and vegetable species, which live and move in a life similar to the animal life. It is by climbing to the lofty summit where shines this new philosophical criterion, after the manner of an intense luminous focus that projects its light over the obscure fields of human ignorance and imperfection, that we can contemplate nature, history and the transformation of the human spirit. This, the evolutionistic philosophy, is the only one that can at the present time lead the spirit to a conception legitimately scientific and hence nearer to the truth of what is called human civilization and progress.

These brief phrases indicate the measure of the vast theoretical comprehension of the learned Delgado Palacios. His is the ample and ingenious intelligence that conceives of the processes of life in the profound structures of the molecules termed biogenic. . . . You will say, however: "This is a very limited chapter of the extensive naturalistic work; these hypotheses will hardly be more than windows opened to specialists in biology;" and you will not judge wrongly, for many things are happening in Venezuela.

The materialistic metaphysics that the surgeon Delbet comes upon in the scientific bibliography of many evolutionists of the present day pervades the thought of some of our contemporary writers. Not all are so concrete as Luis Razetti is, but in the direction of "endogenous ideas" they generalize, thanks to the metaphysical character of abstractions: Aguerrevere, Francisco A. Rísquez,[5] Elías Toro and others are of this class.

Another Delgado Palacios, the mathematician Enrique, is a naturalist of a kind but slightly known in America. His work is barely known to his disciples, and it would be well for patriotism to demand of the humble Venezuelan savant a text on botany, for example. His is of a most staunchly and decidedly mystical character, and in the paths of God, all publicity would seem to him an indication of pride.

[5] In many pages of his *Patología general.*

The work accomplished by Jahn is different: although not a biologist, the engineer, don Alfred Jahn, has done considerable work as a naturalist. Some one[6] has said of him that

> he cherishes for nature a profound love that is always alert for observation and analysis. His love of beauty and of the vigorous Venezuelan nature is not platonic: he has lived in it and with it. He has a familiar acquaintance with the forests of the Alto Orinoco and the Río Negro and with the snowy summits of Mérida and Trujillo. . . .

I have desired especially to include on the last page my recollection of two learned men that did much for the natural sciences among us: the Frenchman Bourgoin and the Venezuelan Aguerrevere. Regarding the former, I have already given expression to certain ideas, on the occasion of the opening of the Escuela de Farmacia. I said then that our good Bourgoin was "a Frenchman of parts and one who was strangely akin to Voltaire, Wurtz and the entomologist Fabre. He knew how to say well what he knew best, and he succeeded in synthesizing marvelously the grandiose in science and the sublime of its conquerors."

As to Doctor Aguerrevere Pacanins: he was an eminent physician and an eloquent and learned professor. In his hours of less fatigue from his profession, he wrote his *Curso elemental de botánica,* which he published in 1910. Perhaps this book is the first step taken in the direction of the mastery of our unknown flora. In it abound many data on regional botany, and the exposition is unquestionably based on the best principles of scientific pedagogy.

With Aguerrevere began an epoch in the pure natural sciences. In him are shown both Vargas's mastery of science and the biology that was apparently propounded by Ernst and Villavicencio. This will indicate to you that it is from the ranks of the illustrious Venezuelan medical fraternity that we are to expect those that are to master and classify our innumerable natural marvels.

[6] The editor of *El Cojo Ilustrado.*

THE BELGIAN SOVEREIGNS IN BRAZIL[1]

THE FIRST KING AND QUEEN TO VISIT AMERICA ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE CONQUERORS

BY

ANSELMO PAGANO

The newspapers and magazines of Brazil and other South American countries have given much attention to the visit of the king and queen of Belgium to South America. The following brief article is comment, in the reportorial style, not so much on the scenes and events of the visit, as upon its historical and political significance.—**THE EDITOR.**

RIO DE JANEIRO is the [South] American city reserved by destiny for the consummation of this historic event. Their majesties the king and queen of Belgium have reached the beautiful Brazilian metropolis, after crossing the Atlantic along the route of the discoverers. By this event are strengthened the relations of friendship and understanding between the two worlds. It is an example worthy of being imitated by the one who first conceived it. There is announced, indeed, the royal visit that was postponed for reasons only too well known. The allusion is sufficiently clear. We refer to the coming of the Spanish sovereign to this friendly country where his compatriots and all the Argentines would be ready to receive him with enthusiasm. The visit of the Belgian monarchs brings to mind don Alfonso's promised trip.

Hitherto no European monarch had crossed this sea.[2] The usurpatory and unhappy adventure of Maximilian may be set down in history as the expedition of a conqueror, like other journeys of the same kind.

Now, in the first third of the twentieth century, the sovereign independence of the Latin-American republics already being confirmed by tradition, two monarchs began this movement, They came in the guise of peace to express gratitude to Brazil for the help that she lent them in the decisive crisis of European life.

They thus became the highest ambassadors of the people they govern; and the diplomatic labor to be accomplished gains by the royal initiative. The best plenipotentiary of a king is the king himself.

In ancient days, when America was preparing for her future free existence under the power of European crowns, ambassadors of war went and came, conveying the dominant will. Those were daring journeys in which the health of monarchs could not be risked. This relinquishment of absolute rule and those viceroyalties gave rise to great evils. Perhaps abuses and misunderstandings would have been avoided, if the crossing had been practicable for some of those monarchs, who might have been able to behold for themselves the miseries and the needs of their subjects. It strikes us as strange to see, in many ordinances, laws and royal decrees of these times, a royal foresight and kindliness that, in the majority of cases, could not yield the expected fruits because of the deeds of the persons that were called upon to execute them.

Those bygone days of elaboration being now vanished, the past is in the tomb of history. It is necessary to prepare for the future, on the basis of mutual friendship and respect. The Belgian monarchs understand this, and their journey is in obedience to a just sentiment. The Belgium of the future will find for her children hospitable homes in the fertile Brazilian lands. The consequence of this excursion, whose importance it is difficult

[1] The original of this article, as it was published in *Plus Ultra*, was beautifully illustrated, like everything that appears in that remarkable magazine.—THE EDITOR.

[2] The author seems to have overlooked the fact that the king and queen of Belgium had already visited the United States, or did he mean merely the south Atlantic when he said "this sea"?—THE EDITOR.

to foresee, will be beneficial to both nations.

There is nothing more truly winning than these peaceful acts of good kings. This affirmation ought not to be forgotten by sovereigns. The Belgian monarchs, coming to Brazil with peaceful and friendly views, have won the spirit of Brazil.

The republican Rio de Janeiro received the sovereigns of Belgium with respect; and she welcomed the heroine and hero with delirious enthusiasm; for above the royal crowns of Albert and Elizabeth, there are other crowns wrought by sacrifices, abnegations and bravery. They are sovereigns by inheritance and by their works. They are a true and great king and queen.

He faced danger at the head of his subjects; she watched beside the couches of wounded warriors, thus aiding science with her maternal pity. They were lofty examples of energy and constancy, and they were worthy of victory. No one can now imagine them decked in purple, but we behold them clad, rather, with the trappings of war and the garb of the nurse.

The democratic essence of republicanism has permeated these two select souls; they are more closely bound to their country than are many presidents to theirs. The first king and queen of Europe to visit America along the route of the discoverers are heroes. Of them and of the rejoicing with which Brazil has received them, Soiza Reilly will speak to you. I confine myself to developing another theme, without invading the jurisdiction of my colleague: "Brazilian Contemporary Culture." In accomplishing this task, I shall count upon the effective aid that has been courteously extended me by the Société de Publicité Sud-Américaine, Montes, Domecq et Compagnie, of Rio. Belles lettres, the fine arts and the polite sciences produce beautiful flowers here with exuberance. The Brazilian has an innate love for the manifestations of the spirit, and it was prodigal nature that imparted to him this devout affection. The surroundings make man in their image and likeness.

This journalistic undertaking, carried out modestly and under the veil of a pseudonym, will reveal to Argentine readers, American and Spanish—the great circulation of *Plus Ultra* will serve as a patron of the work—unsuspected aspects of the intellectual life of Brazil.

Other Argentines have already done much in this direction. We have the book of García Mérou[3] that attests it, as well as other books of good quality. However, modern Brazil, where authors, artists and men of science form a legion, has advanced much since that time. So the Buenos Aires publicist would have observed from the lectures of the notable critic and diplomat, Doctor Rangel de Castro, who waged a noble and patriotic campaign in Buenos Aires from the lecture platform.

[3]The author evidently has in mind *El Brasil intelectual*, first published in 1905, and the last work of Martín García Mérou, who was born in Buenos Aires, October 14, 1852; he died in Berlin, May 18, 1905. He was educated at the Colegio Nacional and at the Universidad de Buenos Aires, being graduated from the latter institution as a lawyer. His principal works are *Poesías; Impresiones; Estudios literarios; Libros y autores; Perfiles y miniaturas; Juan Bautista Alberdi; Recuerdos literarios; Confidencias literarias; Estudios americanos; El Brasil intelectual.*—THE EDITOR.

SPANIARD AND INDIAN IN EARLY PERÚ

BY

ARTURO CAPDEVILA

The author's sympathies are with the Indian—which is only natural—and he arraigns both the Spanish conquerors and the clergy of the colonial period for their cruelty and their failure to comprehend the great opportunity that lay before them for study and the sympathetic continuance and development of an ancient and advanced civilization. While, in the last analysis, it will probably be found necessary to make more allowance than he makes for the attitude and deeds of the Spaniards, and to moderate somewhat the high esteem he places upon the Indians and their accomplishments, we shall be grateful to him for the material he has accumulated, and particularly for his analysis of the advanced and, for the period, radical teachings of Las Casas.—THE EDITOR.

IF AMERICA, but recently discovered, offered to explorers and adventurers a new world in mere geographical outline, it also offered a new world—a new moral world, a new social world—to all students in the very rich realm of its habits, its ideas, its beliefs.

There flew—I will speak thus—from all the vastness of the America toward all points of the wind, the liveliest messages and the most precious beckonings that humanity has ever received. Not merely were they nations inviting nations: they were mountains and forests and rivers, extensions and immensities, summoning to concord; they were ancient gods that had knowledge of submerged Atlantises, inviting to a better faith; they were scientific truths, barely suspected, drawing on to a new life; they were new stars in new firmaments, convoking to new predestinations. Never had such a tremor passed through the earth!

Men enveloped in the flames of wars and in the smoke of human sacrifices, Torquemada's people and Isabel's, men clad in iron, Midases, as it were, thirsting for gold, knew not how to catch the voice of America. They heard; they did not comprehend. They went in and out among innocent and astonished peoples asking for the cavern of gold. They came on horseback, crushing the forests. Madmen, they came sowing death.

The Spaniard was able to find nothing but the external, the physical, reality of America. So he subjugated, enslaved, took possession. On the other hand, he could not know and penetrate the moral reality of the New World. On the contrary, he destroyed, as far as possible, this moral reality. In the name of his law, Roman law, in the last analysis, he abolished the simple customs of autochthonous justice. In the name of his religion, a truly Roman religion, he destroyed the temples and the *huacas*[2] of the good gods of the aborigines.

From all these evils, which it is painful to recall, resulted the loss of innumerable treasures of an intellectual and social character. The Indian, who gave himself so frankly to the Spaniard, believing him to be nothing less than a god—the god Viracocha himself—disillusioned later by his tremendous masters, became for ever silent. Or were not those first three soldiers who entered Cuzco received as gods, borne on litters, to the sound of song, in spite of the tragedy of Atahualpa, "wondering at the order of all their things," "the supply of highways, so well kept, so clean and so well provided with everything?"[3] And were not those warriors patterns of ingratitude and cruelty? And was not slaughter followed by pillage, pillage by fire, fire again by slaughter?

Those that could flee fled to the mountains, the deserts, the caves. Those that succeeded in dying in battle died an heroic death. The rest remained silent, swore to be dumb, or they spoke, in order to save their sad lives, at the exclusive pleasure of

[1]Chapter III of an unpublished work entitled *Los incas*.

[2]Sepulchers of the Indians. Compare *huacos*, the idols (usually of clay) buried in the *huacas*.—THE EDITOR.

[3]Herrera: *Década* V, book II, chapter II.

the invader. In this way, the history of pre-Columbian America was lost, that is, in a double, doleful manner; either by false testimonies or by the total absence of testimonies.

It chanced also that the conqueror, so preoccupied with the acquisition of wealth, if perhaps he sought information regarding the Incas and their affairs, considered his own interests alone, and so he learned what was of least importance. Only as the years went by, when the *amautas*[4] and elders of Cuzco had already fled or were dead, was any knowledge sought regarding the prior era. What, however, could be learned at that time? Thoroughly malicious—and a theologian to cap the climax—was the one that interrogated, and thoroughly nonplussed, and harassed enough by doubts and fears, was the one that must respond.

Fanaticism, more than avarice itself, doubtless caused the greatest losses in the subjugated land of the Incas. Read, respecting this, the book that I shall mention elsewhere, written at the beginning of the seventeenth century by the Jesuit Pablo José Arriaga, with the precious title of *Extirpación de la idolatría del Perú*, if you wish to know, in all its blackness, the Catholic barbarity of the epoch. In it will be found by any one that is interested the chronicle and the consequent eulogy of the first *auto de fe* consummated in Lima under the initiative of the viceroy, the marquis of Monte Claros. Perhaps more than a thousand very important idols, with their rich vestments and strange ornaments, were then consigned to the flames: an incomparable archaeological treasure.

However, the substance of the book or memorial is not in what was heard of, but in what was seen; for its author himself formed a part of that famous commission of Jesuits that, headed by the monk Avendaño, overthrew, burned and reduced to dust, along all the Peruvian highways, the monuments of the sun, throughout a long year and a half. All was wrecked; all was given to the flames. Was anything left after the fire? Father Arriaga says with due clarity: "And if anything was left after the fire, it was thrown where it would not be seen again." [5]

If the clerical hand fell upon the Peruvian idols with such harshness, think with what weight it would descend upon the priests of the cult. Does not Attorney Polo Ondegardo inform us that there were sorcerers in Perú, and that they assumed the forms they liked best?[6] It is easy to conceive of the treatment the local inquisition gave to the supposed sorcerers, who would be none others than the priests. So terrible was it that the formerly prosperous sacerdotal caste was soon extinguished, to such a degree that nothing could be learned or ascertained afterward regarding its organization and government, invaluable historical, mythological and cosmogonic data being lost along with the exterminated class.[7]

Lacking such precious information, the Spanish wiseacre of that century was left to his preconceived opinions. He opposed exact historical investigation, which, looks and sees, with "judicial information," which scans, but sees nothing; he set over against the direct study of the autochthonous traditions regarding the cosmos and man, the word of the Bible.

Later we shall see what this "information" was. Let us consider, in the meanwhile—not to depart from the estimate of Catholic fanaticism—the two exegetical prejudices that most interfered with proper investigation: namely, the chronology of Genesis and the preoccupation that the land of Ophir, so repeatedly mentioned in the histories of Solomon, was the kingdom of Perú itself.

There are more than sufficient reasons to lead us to think that the Peruvians attributed to the world a greater antiquity than that granted it in the Scriptures. Besides the common year, identical with our own, they were acquainted with another computation: the year of a thousand years, or "the great year of the sun," which was expressed in the language of the natives by

[4]Quechua: "wise men," among the Peruvian Indians. —The Editor.

[5]Arriaga: work quoted, chapter II.

[6]Polo de Ondegardo: *Informaciones acerca de la religión y gobierno de los incas*, chapter X.

[7]Román y Zamora: *Repúblicas de Indias*, chapter VII.

capahuata or *intihuatán*.[8] It is certain that the new unit of time, or the year of a thousand years, was adopted to facilitate the calculation of vast ages. López, who has studied better than any other the astronomical system of the ancient Peruvians, affirms that it differentiated perfectly the sidereal year, the tropical year and the anomalistic year.[9]

Naught of this was the Iberian writer able to collect. With an eye to the truths of his faith and to his own welfare, he did not dare to adopt chronological systems that the inquisition would consider heretical. It was better to keep silent or to say in passing that the Incas were wont to count the years otherwise, thus attributing to the barbarism of the tribes or to the artifice of Satan what was the fruit of very advanced knowledge.

All know, on the other hand, what ingenuity was wasted by the chroniclers, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, now in defending, now in denying, that Perú was formerly the Ophir itself of the Hebrew traditions. Montesinos devoted half a book to proving it; Father Cobo employed no less space to refuting it. What shall be said of all the other biblical justifications, equally arbitrary and irksome, that were attempted? Amid these elucidations, the time was passing when it would be possible to learn something positive and concrete regarding the Incan world. It is a surprising phenomenon that the mirages of the Bible had more weight than the living realities that surrounded them everywhere! It might be said that, recently escaped from the dense darkness of the middle ages, they still pursued, in the environment of the new history, the specters of those fearful forests, just as the evil dreams of a bad sleep are wont to be prolonged in the moments of conscious vigils.

The immediate result of all this capricious speculation was to denominate as "Pirú" lands that never bore that name. Only in time did it become known that Tahuantinsuyu, meaning "the four parts of the world," was the true designation of the Incan empire.

What of the "reports" regarding the religion and government of the Incas, and those that the famous attorney, don Juan Polo de Ondegardo himself, presented in 1559, by the dual orders of the archbishop and the viceroy? Do they not contain the fullest and most veracious information regarding Peruvian affairs? Let us note, at once, that those "reports" had a character typically judicial. Orders were issued with great pomp and circumstance for the appearance of the chiefs and leaders of the *ayllus*:[10] their declarations were taken according to the usage of courts; they were questioned and requestioned. . . . The Indian, who barely understood the language of his judge, and still less his strange procedure, answered "yes" or "no" to previously arranged questions. What the clerk heard, and did not write down, God only knows. . . .

In this manner, the *legal* truth totally disguised the real truth about Tahuantinsuyu. One thing only we know to-day. The history of Perú? No; the prevarications of those who documented it!

Prevarications: that is the word! Because functionaries of the king of their ilk made their reports with the preconceived aim of proving what accorded with their avarice. So the political information gathered by Polo Ondegardo had the premeditated design of quieting the scruples of the crown regarding its right to govern the Indies; "proving," in order to remove all doubt, that the Incas were atrocious tyrants; from which fact it was deduced, what with quotations from Aristotle and from Saint Thomas, that the king of Spain was, in his capacity as liberator, the only natural lord in America. . . . From such stupid, as well as base investigations, sprang that poor history of the fourteen Incas, which is still taught to-day in the schools.

It is also true that not even this would have been done, had it not been for the selfish alarm that was aroused in time among the *encomenderos*[11] by that saint, Friar Bartolomé de las Casas, with his

[8]Montesinos, chapter VII.

[9]López: *Sistema astronómico de los antiguos peruanos*, the last part.

[10]Tribes or clans.—THE EDITOR.

[11]He that, by royal favor, held Indians *encomendados*. See note 12, on *encomienda*.—THE EDITOR.

zeal, his courage and his, at times, terrible sincerity.

What did Father Las Casas maintain? What, the Hispanic lords? Who was moved by the love of justice? Who, by the craving for wealth? What was at stake in the sharp controversy between the good friar and the *encomenderos* and owners of lands and mines? It is right to know it with the greatest exactitude. Inasmuch as Father Las Casas has left us in his works a very clear exposition of his political, social and economic ideas, nothing could be better than to indoctrinate ourselves at the very fountainhead of doctrine.

We have here then, without more ado, the postulates that inspired the conduct of that eminent man: namely, that the Indians ought to be free, and vassals of the crown alone, without its being possible to give them to any one, under any title, whether of *encomienda*[12] or deposit or feud or vassalage or any other whatsoever; and that Indians and Spaniards, equally free, ought to be "all brothers among themselves, for humanity's sake."[13]

So much for that: to what degree and by what right was the king of Spain sovereign of the Indies? To no degree and by no right. Hear the tone in which the venerable bishop spoke on the point:

> Besides, it is true that your majesty is thus sovereign of the Indies, in so far as they wish voluntarily to subject themselves to your majesty, without which circumstance they are not vassals; *because your majesty has no right whatsoever to rule them,* since your majesty did not possess it by a title of your majesty's own, and the pope gave it to your majesty only in order to bring them to a knowledge of the true God.[14]

Let us hasten to declare that Friar Bartolomé, as he himself said, worked forty years "in investigating and studying and bringing to light the law," so much so that he thought that he "had delved into this subject deep enough to reach the water of its principle." His treatise on "the sovereign power of kings to alienate and devise vassals, peoples and jurisdictions," shows with supreme clearness that its author caused to stand forth, as the result of his forty years of labor, the true science of government, which consists merely in respecting the liberty of all. It makes no difference to us, but on the contrary, we rejoice in the fact, that Attorney Ondegardo should inform us contemptuously that Father Las Casas did not study theology. The truth is that if the attorney had kept silent about it, we could well have divined it.

Let us select now, in passing, if you will, from among the rich paragraphs of the treatise, whose first apothegm gives expression to this maxim of thoroughgoing individualism: "That the law is not made for the righteous man, as Saint Paul said."

In the second paragraph already glows the love for liberty that animated all the teachings of the saintly man. Here we find "the original liberty of things," among which it is made clear that the earth is included; for it is added that "the free things were to be used in common through the dispensation of God for the good of all men." Which of the Incas, it is natural to ask, might not have authorized, in the name of the sun, these notions of absolute equity?

It is obvious that the one that uttered this had thoroughly defined ideas regarding the royal power. The third paragraph teaches that "a king is not the lord of everything that is in his kingdom;" and the fourth, that taxes are based on a constitutional compact. Preceding Rousseau by several centuries, the great bishop admitted the originary social contract or voluntary pact of subjection.

In the fifth paragraph, it is inserted that the jurisdictional power of the monarch is limited; that obedience is due his person only according to law; that no one is "under the dominion of the king;" but that all are "subject to law."

Was he born a king? . . . Kings

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[12] A protection or patronage intrusted to any one by royal favor over a certain number of Indians, to teach them the Christian doctrine and defend their persons and goods. Whatever the object of the *encomienda,* history discloses that the *encomenderos* usually neglected their obligations and almost always availed themselves, often cruelly, of the services of those intrusted to them.—The Editor.

[13] Las Casas: *Remedio contra la despoblación,* fourth reason.

[14] *Ibidem:* ninth reason.

ought to be chosen "by a national election." This also is taught in the fifth paragraph. We have here what was, for those days, a revolutionary gospel. What more was lacking for total rejection of the divine right to rule, and for the establishment, on the other hand, of the dogmas of the sovereignty of the people?

The eighth paragraph would have saved the French revolution work: "Every royal ordinance is null," it is shown there, "that is burdensome to the people; *for peoples did not create kings in order that kings might govern hurtfully, but precisely with a view to the common good.*" For, as is expressed in the ninth paragraph, abounding in this respect, it is not the nations that ought to serve the laws slavishly; it is the laws that ought to minister to the happiness of the nations.

The eleventh paragraph affirms that the king is lacking in authority to dispose of the goods of the people: a doctrine that was to be applied and to become valid even with respect to the goods that the infidels had in their possession by older right, which is none other than that of occupation. In consequence, whosoever steals or wrests the goods of the infidel, on the ground that he is an infidel, is guilty of theft and rapine. The soul of a hero must have beat in his breast to enable him to say all this—and with that eloquence—in the Spain of the inquisition; although, according to Herrera, Las Casas was on terms of great familiarity and enjoyed much credit with the grand chancellor. He said also that the good friar aroused the people to riot. So it is little understood that there should have been so much friendship between the grand chancellor and a rioter.[15]

Coming now, however, to the strictly Peruvian subject, let us see what the venerable defender of the Indians thought in respect of it. The following are his conclusions:

1. That all that participated in the imprisonment and death of the legitimate Inca, Atahualpa, committed the gravest of mortal sins.

2. That it was a prime obligation to restore the kingdom to the legitimate successors of the assassinated Inca, under pain of eternal damnation, for "every one must do justice," if he does not wish to be damned.

3. That they ought to restore in their entirety the loads of gold that Atahualpa gave for his ransom, as well as the other riches that were got by evil; as also the goods that resulted from all the robberies and damages that were wrought by those madmen "without faith and without truth."

4. That they must restore all the tributes imposed by the conqueror, "to the last grain of maize."

5. That, in like manner, they were to restore the lands, with all their improvements, the towns and the other places.

6. That the church itself could not and might not take tithes of robbers, from stolen lands and things, it being right, consequently, to indemnify the Indians for the lands occupied by temples and convents.

7. That so too the king of Spain and the Spanish subjects ought to return the mines held against the will of the Incas and private Indians.

8. That an identical justiciary restitution ought to be made of all the treasures removed from the sepulchers, "to the last *maravedi*."[16]

In short, the Spaniard was defined as an unjust owner, and so nothing that he possessed was his, unless it were his mortal sin.[17]

All this the good paladin taught and preached, he being certain, perhaps, as is said in the Scriptures, that if he did not speak, the stones would arise to speak.[18]

[15]Herrera: book 2, volume 2, chapter 20; and *Década* 6, book 1, chapter 8.

[16]A Spanish coin, at times real and effective, at others imaginary, that had different values and denominations: the last in use was of copper, worth the thirty-fourth part of the *real* of the same coin, or the 0.735 part of a *centésimo* (hundredth) of the present *peseta*. As the depreciated Spanish *peseta* of to-day (ordinarily equivalent to former franc, or twenty cents) is worth only about fifteen cents, the *centésimo* (corresponding to the French *centime*) is worth a little more than a seventh of a cent, and a *maravedi* would be worth about a ninth of a cent.—THE EDITOR.

[17]This and the other conclusions are to be found in the second volume of the *Obras completas*, on pages 234, 243, 255, 257, 283 and 291-303.

[18]I ought to note here the slanderous imputation of which Father Las Casas is still the victim to-day, in that he is accused of having introduced the trade in negroes into America. Nothing could be more false. In 1500, or seventeen years before the period in which

What, on the other hand, did the Ondegardos of the conquest seek? Everything that was contrary to the good Las Casas. They desired, be it said at once, to legitimatize, at whatsoever cost, the privileges acquired: the mine, by making it clear that its exploitation would be the very salvation of Spain; the *encomienda*, by maintaining the innate incapacity of the Indian; the grant of lands, finally, by obtaining titles through all manner of wiles. They wished, besides, to save persons and goods from the responsibility for the possible penal and pecuniary damages for which they were liable by reason of countless acts of rapine and slaughter. Consequently they made of the wretched Atahualpa a conspirator and fratricide; and of the very mild tribes, sanguinary hordes. Did not Friar Bartolomé affirm that the Incas were masters in absolute justice? The Ondegardos took it on themselves to accuse the Incas of tyrannical cruelty. It was precisely Attorney Polo who left among his papers a "memorandum-book after the manner of a blotter," addressed to the king, abounding in impetuous arguments to convince him of how despotic the Incas were and of how little they merited the return of their rights and laws.[19] It is clearly to be seen that what was of importance was not to formulate an historical judgment regarding those monarchs; what was interesting was to avoid a return to the old rights, and with it the consequent loss of the *encomienda*, the lands and the mines.

Thus was written the history of the Peruvians, if not with malign intention, at least for an interested purpose.

What shall we think of Father Acosta, what of Father Cobo, when, desiring to commend themselves to us, they testify that they followed Attorney Polo de Ondegardo in the affairs of Perú?[20] If there were a chronicler who would depart from such a mentor, the account would differ so greatly as to cause wonder: eloquent examples of the fact that I have maintained are, in very truth, Betanzos and Montesinos.

In conclusion, to follow Polo de Ondegardo is to adhere to the *legal truth*, not to the *historical truth;* and the *legal truth*—I have the honesty to proclaim it—is the most unqualified lie that can be known. Depart from Ondegardo, or sift, even to excess, what we may learn through him: this, indeed, is good advice!

Let us continue, however, the critical analysis of the affairs of Perú.

We have agreed that the history of this side of America was obscured designedly. We shall agree also that the investigations of prehistorical conditions have not always been carried on with due scrupulosity.

Ethnology itself, on whose rigid methods there is reason to found optimistic hopes, contributed to the pernicious falsification of the prehistory of Perú. The case—in no way logical—to which I allude is connected with the ethnological problem of America—so many times solved, and for this very reason never solved—and with the correlative one of the probable migratory routes. Archæology—or rather I will say, the particular archæology of Squier, who had so many disciples and followers—it was thought would find in Sillustani and Acora reliable proofs of the druidic origin of the first Peruvians, or at least of the identity of the culture process of the Quechuas and the Gauls, which, if the thesis announced with such lightness had been correct, would have built the same kind of primitive habitation back in the paleolithic age. It turned out therefore that Squier saw and sketched the druidic dolmens of Acora and Sillustani, where there were only *chullpas*[21] of the first Incan

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Las Casas would have introduced the vile commerce that calumny has attributed to him, the kings had authorized that there be permitted to come to the Indies *negro slaves born in the possession of Christians.*—See *Vida de Las Casas*, prologue to the *Obras completas*.—We have also the fact that in 1508, there were negroes in the Isla Española (Hispaniola). On the other hand, his only accuser is the author of the *Décadas* [Herrera]. It is to be noted that neither Hernández de Oviedo nor López de Gomara nor Bernal Diaz del Castillo—the last an enemy of the hero—said anything on the subject.—*Apología de Las Casas*, by Citizen Gregoire, appendix to the *Obras completas*.

[19]Ondegardo: *Colección de libros y documentos, etcétera*, volume IV, page 95 and the following pages.

[20]Acosta: work quoted, book VI, chapter I; Cobo: work quoted, book XII, chapter II.

[21]In Aimara, mound-like tombs, the upper parts of which were used as habitations, while the lower and subterranean parts served as burial-places.—THE EDITOR.

period, as has been demonstrated by Professor Urteaga, a very worthy Peruvian historian who is an honor to erudite literature.[22] A strange and lamentable error is this of Squier's, if it may be said that his statement belongs to the category of errors; for a dolmen is very far removed from a *chullpa*.[23]

To deliberate bad faith, to sectarian prejudice, to "Ophirism" and to "Ondegardism"—if I may synthesize in these names the worst evils of the history of Perú—are to be added the plague of plagiarism, which was common in its most highly considered writers.

It is necessary to persuade one's self that the chronicles of the colony offer us the minimum of personal observation. The "chroniclers"—friars, soldiers or lawyers —either wrote from hearsay—from bad hearsay, at that—for they knew little or nothing of the Quechua language, in short, or they copied and plagiarized from one another, without great advantage to the truth.

They suffered in this respect from an insidious hallucination. The studious person finds at the beginning numerous texts, many testimonies, reiterated evidences. A perfect faith is entertained. The chronicle will be completed by data from the archives, or it will take on certainty and accuracy by comparison with another chronicle. Thus is held to be well proven every point regarding which two or more declarations fall into agreement; just as the conscience of an accommodating judge is relieved of all perplexing doubt. All this credulity is not well. Contrary to what appears, those numerous and harmonious testimonies are reduced, after being compared, to a solitary, isolated testimony. Between two opposite mirrors, the same central figure has been multiplied to infinity.

I give as an example, in respect of investigations of a religious character in Perú, the information about the *huacas* of the four imperial roads. The investigations being made, as ought to be believed, with an abundance of zeal and even with sacerdotal avarice, they amount to nothing more, if they are submitted to examination, than to a single vote. It is not that Father Cobo and Father Acosta, Father Arriaga and Attorney Ondegardo coincide on one and the same point and in an identical opinion. It is that Cobo took it from Acosta, and Acosta from Arriaga, and Arriaga from Ondegardo, if, indeed, it be not true that all three of them took it from Ondegardo. What assurance, however, does the last offer us, in turn, to induce us to concede him absolute authority? . . . Those were long and perhaps dangerous roads to travel, and here and there the Indian was not slow to press the attack. On the other hand, the collected information regarding such arduous subjects: how and by whom was it collected? Ill is it to dialogue on religious subjects with arms in hand and to the glare of the fagots of the holy office, not to mention that the aborigines, being thus called to account, when neither the Inca of Cuzco nor the *amauta* of the court was present, had little knowledge of that about which, according to the Spanish procedure, they were interrogated. If, indeed, they knew anything, they did not succeed in understanding with precision the language of the conquerors or in making their own understood. . . . There was something of everything in Perú, bathed in blood, except the gift of tongues of the Holy Spirit.

If everything has its season, it is only too certain that the most propitious time for collecting historical truth regarding

[22]Horacio H. Urteaga: *Bocetos históricos*, first series, "Excursión histórica a las ruinas de Acora."

For an article by this author, see INTER-AMERICA, August, 1918: "The Ancient Races and Civilizations of Perú," page 380.—THE EDITOR.

[23]How could the *quid pro quo* occur? Urteaga explains it thus: "It is certain that the illustrious Americanist did not visit Acora; we are sure that he did not visit it; he informed himself merely that in its neighborhood were to be found ruins; he asked some resident of Acora regarding the forms of the tombs; and the latter, either through negligence or ignorance, gave him such a description of the sepulchers with superimposed stones that the archaeologist did not scruple to draw them as dolmens and give to the world the news of the discovery in Perú of the habitations of the man of the stone age.—Chapter cited.

Squier's work is entitled: *Peru. Incidents of travel and exploration in the land of the Incas.* By [Ephraim] George Squier, etc., New York. 1877.—Professor Urteagea is, we think, too assured that "the illustrious Americanist did not visit Acora," although Squier seems to have argued wrongly from what he saw—or heard.—THE EDITOR.

the Incas—the limpid water in a limpid fountain—would have been the second half of the sixteenth century, provided that always thirsty sword of the Castilians had been brandished less. They did not know how. They could not know how. The smoke of cannon and the vapors of blood totally clouded the atmosphere of Perú. First came the tragedy of Cajamarca; afterward, the war of exterminatiom; later still, the factional strife between the Almagros and the Pizarros. Dissensions, perfidies, depredations without end, relentlessly scorched the poor conquered land.

Let us undeceive ourselves. The point of the sword is incapable of writing history. There are those who say that it makes it; it would be better to say that it unmakes it; or worse than that: it destroys it. So it happened in Perú.

The *quipos*,[24] those mysterious strands of the Incas on which were commemorated the facts of their official history, having once been lost; if not the veracity of the chroniclers, at least the probatory legitimacy of their veracity being placed on trial; the palaces and temples of Tahuantinsuyu being destroyed; their idols being burned; their shrines being converted into ashes; the archæological science still creeping on all fours; the rational study of myths hardly begun: the American historian, between Tantalus and Sisyphus, wanders, more than any other, in a world of hallucinations. Smoke knows nothing. Dust has no knowledge. What did Spanish tyranny leave of so much wealth and so much glory, save smoke and dust?

Amid these longings for knowledge, among smoking ruins, the phantasm of Ollantay—the supposed hero of the supposed Quechua drama—stalked promisingly across the empty stage. At last, the document! And nothing less than a theatrical document! Or was it not a document? Or had not a dramatic piece of the children of the sun just been discovered? Or did not all poetry appear with the drama of Ollantay, and with this poetry—as it was at once a question of dramatic poetry—the most profound and revealing voice of which the soul of a people was capable? The Markhams, the Barrancas, and earlier the Riveros and the Tschudis, were giving out and had given out the good news. Had the Æschylus of America, indeed, just revealed himself to the world? Even now Professor Urteaga thinks so, filled with hopeful enthusiasm, although he agrees that a profane hand retouched many of the passages of the work.[25]

What is there in all of this? In my honest opinion, the question was already decided, and in the negative and definitively by General Mitre, with such a wealth of arguments, with such a plentitude of knowledge, with such a fulness of analysis that only a badly understood Peruvian—not to say "Tahuantinsuyensian"—patriotism can renew the previously lost discussion.

According to Mitre's conclusions, the supposed Quechua drama was written at the close of the eighteenth century by the priest of Tinta, don Antonio Valdez, perhaps in celebration of the rising of Tupac Aimaru. It is noteworthy, in this respect, that the work was played in the presence of this insurgent, who was a good friend of the priestly writer. The "literary legend" of the *Ollantay*, attributed to the Incan *amautas*, has also a known origin, and it is not a thing that one likes to be guilty of—the absurdity of not knowing what is known. It is proven in the text of the *Antigüedades peruanas* of Rivero and Tschudi that they were the inventors of the story that supposes the *Ollantay* to have been composed in the fifteenth century, and to have been presented publicly in the plaza of Cuzco, in the presence of the Inca. It is also known that about 1853, Tschudi, on his own account, presented the *Ollantay* as a genuine work of ancient Cuzco, in his *Kechua Sprache*.[26]

Moreover, it is clearly ascertained that neither Cieza de León nor Father Acosta nor any chronicler whatsoever said any-

[24] Or *quipus* (singular, *quipo, quipu*): strands of knotted strings, with different kinds of knots, and often of diverse colors, with which the ancient Peruvians, Mexicans, Caribs and certain Canadian tribes supplied the lack of writing and kept account of their history, news, business transactions, etcetera. They are still in use among certain South American tribes. —THE EDITOR.

[25] Urteaga, work quoted, eleventh series, *El Ollantay*.

[26] *Noticias de Mitre;* "Ollantay."

thing about any drama. It was Garcilaso who vaguely gave to understand that the Indians composed dramas of small extent and value; just as we know also of martial or religious dramas, of pantomines and choral orgies, with which, toward the north, the center and the south of the continent, the theatrical art was beginning to develop. Mitre says, once for all: "These are first efforts, not dramas. The *Ollantay*, however, is a drama . . . a European drama."

To such strong arguments drawn from the social environment, Mitre adds considerations equally decisive that are founded on the study of the work itself. "The *Ollantay*," he wrote, "is, because of its depth, its form and its minor accidents, an heroic drama of the cloak and sword." Not a single Spanish element is lacking: we have the king, the long-beard, the queen, the drama, the traitor, the confidant, the squire, the merry-andrew. . . . We have also the chivalresque and bantering speech; the devices of war and the war nick-names; the quips, puns, antitheses, according to the cultist usage; the "woe!" expressive of pain, the Spanish shout and not the Quechua; episodes of ill disguised Hispanicisms, octosyllabic verse, in which was not lacking even the very Hispanic *décima*.[27] The conclusion is forced upon us: Valdez, the priest of Tinta, composed the work, utilizing his good gifts as a Quechuist, just as ordinarily the catechist missionaries of the society of Jesus, for the diversion of the Indians, offered them farces and comedies in the local language. They were ways of sweetening ostracism. Ovid also, on the outer confines of the world, made Sarmatian verses.

With all the good faith of which I feel myself capable, I have read, in turn—and my disillusionment is complete—Barranca's translation,[28] including the notes that accompany it; and they are as little persuasive as they are extremely ingenuous. Or does not the author hold that the literature of the *Ollantay* resembles that of the Song of Songs itself?

Mitre has given us the truth. Everything in the drama proclaims the Spaniard. Ollantay would assault "death itself with his sickle." "And if the demon himself came forth?" is propounded. The question is answered as a theologian would answer it: "I should set my feet upon him." There is the "required" old lady, the famous *dueña* (duenna), who is to carry a message. Piquichaqui, a "buffoon," does not wish to be called "ruffian." "Art thou crazy to make thyself a noble?" is asked in a very peninsular manner. From a rock will come forth water, as in the book of Moses. . . . Piquichaqui speaks thus: "I too must tread that man down and I must even burn him." The smell of roast meat was pleasant to the clerical olfactories of the period. Why continue? . . . The thing is evident in itself.

There is better fortune in store along other highways, hitherto little or ill known, although there abound along them the most tempting signs.

Has the science of the *quipo* been studied with due attention? We have here a science that must be studied. Perhaps the systematic investigation of it will find a rich source of knowledge in the few *quipos* that remain and in those that are assuredly to be found.

Did those strands differently knotted and colored contain any particular writing? Better than what I might be able to say is what has already been expressed by expert Americanists.

Father Acosta, referring to the "memorials and accounts used by the Indians of Perú,"[29] explained the significance of the *quipos*:

> The *quipos* are memorials or records made of strands in which different knots and different colors have different meanings. It is incredible what they achieved by this means, for whatever books can say of history, laws, ceremonies and business accounts, all this is supplied by the *quipos*, so accurately that one is filled with wonder.

Was it a question then of genuine writing, in which knots and colors had phonetic values of their own?

[27] A metrical combination of ten octosyllabic verses, in which usually the first verse rimes with the fourth and fifth; the second, with the third; the sixth, with the seventh and tenth; and the eighth, with the ninth.—THE EDITOR.

[28] José S. Barranca, *Ollanta*.

[29] Acosta, book VI, chapter VIII.

Father Acosta goes on to say:

. . . Because, for different kinds, as for war, government, tributes, ceremonies, lands, there were different *quipos* and strands; and in each bunch of them, a certain number of knots, little knots and loops of threads, some red, others green, others blue, others white; and, finally, such differences, that, just as we, with twenty-four letters, by putting them together in different ways, produce such an infinity of words, so they, with their knots and colors expressed the innumerable meanings of things.

It is evident from this clear exposition that the Peruvian wrote. Not only was the *quipo* a mnemotechnic or mnemonic aid, but it contained a complete writing. Where we make traces and drawings, they made knots and inserted colors. Who will doubt, and with what right, that "knots, little knots and looped threads" are as capable as our orthographic signs of a perfect phonetic equivalence?

Professor Urteaga, whom I mention again with great pleasure, has written upon Peruvian *hilografía* (I should rather say *eilografía*, giving to the Greek what belongs to the Greek)[30] a very rich chapter with which every Americanist ought to be acquainted.[31]

Among his best citations are to be found the following words from Doctor Joseph Kimmich:

A very serious witness is Father Blas Valera, who says that a *quipucamayoc* had read him a *varaví*[32] from a *quipo* (and the *varaví* was no other than the *Sumac ñusta*). If it was possible to express the words *Sumac ñusta*, which mean "Beautiful Princess" in Quechua, by strings, then there can be no doubt that other conceptions and words could be expressed eilographically, for in order to express several hundred words, the twelve or sixteen colors and the few other signs were sufficient.

Already, not only to the casual finding, but also the intelligent earnestness of the Americanist workers, we owe the belief, which time is strengthening, that the Peruvians had letters. In an important article, inspired perhaps by the work of Tschudi, the writer Pedro Irigoyen expresses himself thus:

There is no longer any reasonable doubt regarding the existence of writing among the primitive Peruvians. Mariano E. Rivero found, eight leagues north of Arequipa, a multitude of inscriptions on granite; in the province of Castrovirreína, a series of ruins with the same vestiges; in Huari, the same; and, as he tells us, a European missionary found on the banks of the Ucayali, in the sixteenth century, some banana leaves with hieroglyphs and isolated symbolic characters. The tablet of Santa Cruz Pachacuti, the rocks of Yonán, the inscriptions of the grotto of Carahuasi, the symbolic representations on ceramic and metallic pieces, and the immense quantity of canvases and many other relics that are being discovered from day to day prove the absolute veracity of Montesinos in this respect.[33]

There is to be found, both in the works of Montesinos and in those of the other early chroniclers, much information and sound reasoning on the subject. Jiménez de la Espada, in a learned note to chapter I, book XII, of Father Cobo's *Historia*, gives emphasis to the following two testimonies: the testimony of the Cieza de León, from whom it was learned that not far from Guamanga, a town of Indians, were to be found certain pieces of pottery "on which, according to a common report, were to be seen certain letters;"[34] and that of Llano y Zapata, says the following textually: "There was discovered by accident a subterranean palace with great façades of stone and sumptuous buildings. They found in it a slab with an inscription that could not be read." The full agreement of Ameghino might be added, not only regarding this, but regarding numerous cases that he enumerates and analyzes.[35]

Furthermore, the author of the *Décadas* [Herrera] gives us singular information regarding the gift of letters of the primitive Peruvians. Although he denied that,

[30]There is no reason why we should not accept, in this connection, the necessary forms, properly derived from the Greek: eilography, eilographical, etectera, with the meanings: thread-writings, etcetera.—THE EDITOR.

[31]Urteaga, second series, "La escritura en el antiguo Perú."

[32]A sweet and melancholy folk song: *varaví* and *triste* are both used in this sense in Perú, Ecuador and some other South American countries, corresponding to the *vidalita* of Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

[33]Pedro Irigoyen: *Inducciones acerca de la civilización incaica.*

[34]Cieza, part I, chapter LXXXVII.

[35]Ameghino, work quoted, part I; chapter III.

strictly speaking, they were acquainted with signs and elementary sounds capable of articulation, he admitted that they used ciphers: a language, be it said, more universal, although much less explicit. That they made use of them to perfection serves as proof the ciphered prayers they composed regarding the things of the Catholic religion, "without their being taught them by the Spaniards." I will add, following the same author, that the Peruvian wrote his figures from top to bottom.[36]

Both on the strict criticism of texts and on the careful study of the *quipos* and the inscribed stones, we can lay a foundation for legitimate hopes, in the expectation that one day the true history of the Peruvians will be revealed to the world. The world will be the gainer by it. It will gain the contemplation of great deeds in the light of an immense moral splendor. Let us never forget that the Perú of the Incas succeeded in doing what we, the children of perfidious Rome, have not yet succeeded in doing: living in worthy peace and solid justice.

A people that succeeded in living thus merits, more than any other, a good and long remembrance: remembrance, and, if we are able to achieve it, imitation.

[36]Herrera: *Década* V, book IV, chapter I.

MANUEL GÁLVEZ

AND THE NATIONAL NOVEL IN ARGENTINA[1]

BY

MANOEL GAHISTO

A European author's study of one of the leading contemporary Argentine men of letters: it will be of particular interest to students of literature—THE EDITOR.

WHEN the national prize of ten thousand *pesos*,[2] which the Argentine government awards annually to the author of the best literary work, was bestowed upon Doctor Manuel Gálvez in 1916, the attention of European intellectuals was centered upon more important subjects, and events did not permit his success to receive due attention beyond the ocean. Other books have continued since then to proclaim the vigorous talent of this writer. They constitute a whole of which it is necessary to point out the elements and note the predominant lines.

Born in Paraná, July 18, 1882, Manuel Gálvez turned, from his early youth, to literature, and he made his appearance in journalism with an article on Ibsen in *La Nueva Época*, of Santa Fe, where he pursued his secondary studies. Two collections, *El enigma interior* and *Sendero de humildad*, comprise his poems; his stories are scattered through the newspapers; his critical essays have been gathered in *El diario de Gabriel Quiroga;* he has written impressions of travel and even a book on sociology and political economy.

The tendency of his interests is revealed in a collection of studies and notes of travel devoted to Spain, *El solar de la raza* (1913), which caused a sensation on several grounds. Argentina voluntarily affects, even in the pronunciation of words, independence of the ancient mother-country, whose academicism a short time ago, had made, instruction in literature notoriously stupid. Her authors visit the peninsula with a clairvoyance that is acquired by a perfect knowledge of Spanish and with an unprejudiced spirit and a liberty of judgment that can attain even to aloofness, and they present to us a Spain that our best travelers do not perceive. In proof of this, we have, for example, the agreeable and spicy book of another Argentine—*Las rosas del mantón* by Ernesto Mario Barreda—in which the present Iberia is drawn with so much delicacy and fancy. However, this European land continues to be, for Latin America, the guardian of treasures of art produced by their racial ancestors, the home land where the language was formed and the cradle of their permanent atavism. Manuel Gálvez has devoted himself to interrogating the soul of this past, concerned, as he was, with seeking its essential elements, for the purpose of guiding thenceforth, in the essence of these elements, the new generations, rich in promise of a splendid future, to which he belongs and in the van of which he stands. He has sounded, almost alone, the depths of the mysticism of the crusades and brought together impressions of Ávila and of Sevilla. The Moorish splendors, the oriental seductions of Granada the beautiful, or of Córdoba, all the visual or sensual art of the supplanted conquerors, have no value in his opinion. He counterposes religious mysticism to the opaque materiality of the opulent

[1]Whenever any Argentine thing or idea, work or artist, has been the object abroad of an expression of appreciation worthy of being taken into account, we have impartially reproduced this appreciation. This is the case with the article on Manuel Gálvez, which has recently been published in the Parisian newspaper, *Le Courrier Franco-Américain*, by the talented French writer and critic, Manoel Gahisto, who has demonstrated on other occasions his interest in Argentine literature. We have therefore translated it. Gahisto is also translating *Nacha Regules*, Gálvez's last novel.—EDITOR OF *Nosotros*.

[2]The Argentine *peso* is equivalent at present to about forty-two cents.—THE EDITOR.

societies of the new continent, and he desires its revival, as the only means of fertilizing the future age at the moment in which "the positivistic tendencies are vanquished by Bergson's deductions in philosophy." This thesis, developed in remarkably well sustained pages that attain the beauty of the masters in the language, enters, as is well known, into the universal current along which thought moves at present, in returning from the extremes of rationalism and in tending toward the extremes of institutionalism. On the other hand, do we not now see Iberian mysticism turning toward the economic and social faculties and giving to the problems of material existence the form of an acute and inescapable crisis? An audacious initiator for his country in this sense, Manuel Gálvez was commented upon and discussed, and in the meanwhile the sincerity of his vigorous talent withstood very well the test to which he had subjected himself.

If Spain, however, is a country difficult to comprehend, and if it can not be comprehended except when it is known and loved, is Argentina, perchance, easier to understand and to know? As a matter of fact, it is at least less explored in respect of its present social state. It is explicable therefore that his very preoccupation over national realities and destiny should hitherto have led Manuel Gálvez to write works whose first manner or type or subjects he did not proclaim to the casual observer. Thenceforth he devoted himself to the novel, and he successively presented pictures of Argentine life that are wholly innocent of the vice of doctrinal intent: a logical proceeding that demands the analysis of the present and its clear definition, as the basis of every system for the future.

In *La maestra normal* (1914), he adopted as the scene the province of La Rioja, to which the chief personage, Solís, weary of the feverish life of the capital, goes in search of a favorable climate and more methodical occupations. Solís falls in love with Raselda, who teaches in the normal school, and his idyl, which concludes with the dishonor of Raselda, "the normal school teacher," by her abandonment by her lover, is the center of secondary intrigues in which numerous personages of the country figure. Thus is constituted, with the description of a landscape full of seduction, a complex and appealing picture of social life in that region, characterized by movement and coloring.

Less accessible to the foreign public, *El mal metafísico* (1916) is devoted to the literary and artistic environment of the capital, as it was a dozen years ago. The principal personage, Carlos Riga, an unfortunate poet whose poor and glorious Bohemia is quenched in the capital, sings of the seas that he has not seen and the marvelous gardens of his dreams, and the author rebukes him, as also his likes, for not feeling the character of the natal forest, for despising the legends of his country childhood. "It is the novel," said the excellent critic Roberto Giusto Giusti, "of romantic souls, of artists that the great city fascinates and leads astray, by filling their heads with illusions and then disdaining and abandoning them because they are unfit." With the patience of the true observer, Manuel Gálvez causes to live the scenes of this key type of novel—a new affirmation of his talent—in which is found the declaration of independence of this youthful literature in respect of Spain, which may be noted in the following passage:

> We have a different psychology, and our language, to be an expression of our temperament, ought consequently to differ from Castilian.

With *La sombra del convento* (1917), the novelist again resumes his provincial studies and he takes us to that almost unsuspected environment of Córdoba, the old capital of the province, the seat of a Catholic university, where the families and the teaching have maintained an uncompromising fidelity to religion. (We have seen students rebel recently in a categorical manner against this dogmatic yoke and demand the part of modernism in the programs and the results). The hero of Manuel Gálvez, José Alberto—returned from Spain after an absence of ten years—is a free spirit that falls in love with his cousin Teresa, and he finds himself excluded from the family, because Teresa's parents

are rigid believers. The irritation thus produced in him, and the deeds and the aggressive airs by which he expresses his feelings seem to open definitively an abyss between the two young people. Afterward there takes place in him an evolution, expertly analyzed by Manuel Gálvez, who details minutely the suggestions of the surroundings, thus portraying the Cordoban environment in its daily influence. José Alberto is converted; he finds peace of heart in a marriage accepted by all and subject to the rule outside of which there is no salvation. Beautiful lyric pages, dedicated to the "pantheistic sweetness of the spots," and the novelty of the descriptions contribute to the savor of a book that seeks to reflect impartially the reality, and that was, it seems, heartily criticized by a local Catholic sheet. To us who are entirely removed from these commentaries, Manuel Gálvez seems to have demonstrated a laudable valor thus to face the study of that regional environment, necessary in the cycle that has been sketched, in spite of the warning of not satisfying a good number of his readers.

During the years in which these productions were being elaborated, Manuel Gálvez scattered through several newspapers the most diverse articles, principally chronicles of art and literature. These articles were gathered in a volume in 1916: *La vida multiple*. There is found anew in it that concern with acquiring a consciousness, in due measure, of national values that appears to be one of the elements of the unity of his career. The prestige of certain aspects diminishes with the same decision that causes him to express himself, in respect of certain names, in concise and firm terms of judgment. "Ignorance and patriotism," he writes, "have contributed to make us consider as great poets and great writers persons that were mediocre and lacking in personality." To quote names would carry me outside the field of this article, but some of his general affirmations may serve to characterize their author: "Here, no one is concerned with the Academy, nor even with the dictionaries. We write with entire freedom, with the freedom that is only known on the pampa." This is a profession of heterodox faith that is complemented by other specimens like the following: "We, like our masters the French writers, seek and we shall always seek, elegance, simplicity, purity, precision, clarity."

Manuel Gálvez, in his novel, *Nacha Regules*, the first chapter of which we have read with interest in the review *Atenea*, will not take second place in value to the novels that have preceded it. This narrative begins in a nocturnal cabaret in Buenos Aires—a kind of establishment that has nothing in common with similar establishments in Paris except the name—and in it the setting, the personages and the action are painted in with a conciseness and an intensity full of promise. It attests, even more than his preceding novels, the independence and impartiality with which this author extends his investigations to all the places and environments of Argentina. Nothing of his old thesis of renewal by ancestral mysticism has remained with him that might hinder his observation, every day more perspicacious. He has succeeded in being a realist whose discreet elevation of ideas impregnates his creations and removes them from systematic vulgarity. "When Argentine books shall be translated into French," he writes still, "their breath of the pampa and liberty will produce a new stir in the literary world." It is desirable that this promise be fulfilled by the one that first formulated it. Enough of the romantic falsity of the *gauchos* or cow-boys[2] of the cinematograph! With Coelho Netto in Brazil, Eduardo Barrios or Francisco Contreras in Chile, Alcides Arguedas in Bolivia, F. Blanco Fombona or Manuel Díaz Rodríguez in Venezuela, behold, in Manuel Gálvez, one of the authors the study of whom is imperative: one of the most personal, one of the most veridical!

[2]English in the original.—The Editor

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(Continuation)

The resuscitated don Quijote de la Mancha and his ingenious squire, Sancho Panza, the history of whom was begun in the August number of INTER-AMERICA, continue their adventures and their whimsical dialogue, after making their escape from Uncle Sam's castle of enchantment. They find and lay hands on what they consider their rejuvenated steeds; go forth in search of exploits; ride full tilt into a modern strike; end up in prison; and finally they become "disenchanted," as don Quijote would have it, when the unreal world becomes as real to them as the real world has seemed unreal hitherto, and we leave them on the threshold of some vast emprise.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII

REGARDING WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIJOTE AND SANCHO PANZA AS SOON AS THEY HAD LEFT THE CASTLE, WITH DIVERS OTHER VERY AMUSING OCCURRENCES

IT WAS eleven or more at night when don Quijote and his squire found themselves in the middle of the road. Magnificent palaces, surrounded by parks and groves, flanked the broad highway, and it at once occurred to don Quijote that the whole country was enchanted and that it would not be long before he would happen on the most delightful adventures, as he said to Sancho, who was plodding along behind, a bit downcast and in such a bad humor that he replied only in monosyllables to the suggestions of his master, who was plainly inclined to let his tongue wag, after the success of the escape.

They had hardly gone a hundred paces when they were suddenly startled by an automobile that passed them on the road like a flash, and then, a little later, another and another afterward, leaving Sancho frightened, and don Quijote not a little perturbed. However, don Quijote soon recovered himself, and, convinced that he was on the heels of an adventure, he placed himself on guard, advancing to the middle of the road, in such wise that he would have been run down, if the chauffeurs (as horseless charioteers of this kind are wont to be called) had not been expert enough to cause their vehicles to swerve just in time, not without cursing the foolhardy person that had gotten in front of them. Whereupon the good knight made bold to say that those fierce beasts were mounted by certain malign demons that were fleeing from the recognized presence of his fame and valor. Sancho was not of the same opinion, for, in his judgment, the so-called autos were savage bulls or perhaps enormous cockroaches possessed of the devil, as could be gathered from the flaming eyes and from the fearful snorts and roars they let out as they passed; and he was certain that if his master kept on getting in front of them, they would make an end of him at any moment. He said as much to don Quijote, urging him not to thrust himself into so headless an adventure, and saying that it would be better to hide among the trees and even to climb a limb.

Don Quijote laughed at his squire's fears, and he said to him that they were no such bulls and cockroaches, but that they were certain dragons of the many that assault knights-errant, and it was only necessary to see how they fled from his presence without daring to attack him.

"It must be so," answered Sancho; "but how much better off we should be at this hour sleeping to our hearts' content in the palace of my señor don Samuel, were not your honor so stubborn and such a friend of misadventures, for these experiences of ours are not adventures."

Don Quijote paid no attention to his squire's remarks, for, stirred by the nocturnal breeze and by his clever escape from the castle, he felt so satisfied and so easy in his mind that he gave himself over to thinking, to his sweet will, of all kinds of adventures, dreaming, like a youth of twenty Aprils, of his señora Dulcinea, to

whom he sent by the missive breeze, by the light of the waning moon and by the shimmer of the shining stars, the deepest sighs of his enamored breast. Sancho, who gave heed only to the aching in his bones and his regret at having left the palace of his señor don Samuel, as he called him with all his might, besought his master to rest, as night was for sleeping and not for faring forth upon such breakneck adventures, and as, finally, he could go no farther, with his body aching as it was.

Don Quijote yielded to him and said: "I shall not oppose thy resting until God shall send his day, and well might thou stretch out upon this fresh turf, which is as soft and silky as the furs of Africa."

"I have my doubt as to any such excellences," said Sancho, "because what your honor calls turf is, to my thinking, no more than grass, and so frosted that I shall be more than likely to awake with rheumatism and with a pain in my side, if, indeed, I succeed in sleeping, which much I doubt."

He then cast himself upon the ground, at the foot of a branchy tree, moving from one place to the other, trying to find a comfortable position, and when at last he found it, he began to recommend to his master that he also try to rest, as he was going to take cold; but the gentle knight, seating himself on what Sancho rightly called the grass, and what don Quijote was pleased to term turf, leaned back against a tree in a pastoral attitude and said:

"Sleep, friend Sancho, for I have no need of rest, since I have more will to delight my imagination on this tranquil night than to sleep between sheets of lace."

"Do with your person as may seem best to you," replied Sancho; "as I shall try to refresh myself, always provided those dragons or devils do not make an end of me."

The spot where they lay was a good place in which to rest. It was sheltered by a row of great trees, and the velvety grass, in truth, softened the earth, and, although it was covered with frost, it seemed to Sancho the best possible on which to pass the night, so that he fell asleep in a moment and began to snore like a beadle, for neither the events of the day nor other worse ones ever took away his desire for sleep or his craving for food.

Don Quijote, in the meanwhile, was gazing at the moon and the sleepless stars; he sighed from time to time and comforted himself by thinking chastely of Dulcinea, for the nocturnal summer calm, the half light of the poetic scene and the soft breeze brought to his mind harmonious thoughts, as if he had returned to the age of youth and the sweet solace of the platonic lover that confided his secrets to the discreet night, to the crystal fountain and the winged zephyr.

Don Quijote then was passing the time with these pleasing imaginations when he chanced to make out at a distance two horses that came on apace, mounted by two young boys. To see them and to become convinced that one of them was Rocinante and the other the gray was a thing of a moment. He arose, shook Sancho by an arm until he awoke him and said to him:

"Brother Sancho, behold Rocinante and the gray! They are coming when we least expected them!"

When Sancho heard these words, he arose with a bound, his eyes half closed, and looked about for the ass's colt, and, as he did not see him, he said in a bad humor: "How, Rocinante; and how, the gray? Your honor is beholding visions; those that are coming are two as elegant beasts as I have ever seen in my days."

"Thou hast spider-webs in thine eyes," replied don Quijote, "but thou wilt surely convince thyself of it at once."

Sancho moved his head without giving in, and don Quijote added:

"As may be observed, the knights are nothing less than two dwarfs of the court of some king or prince that is seeking to make light of my person by giving Rocinante into the hands of so base a rider."

Carried away with this idea, he advanced to intercept the horses, which were arriving at that moment, and, taking one of them by the bridle, he said to the riders, with great haughtiness and resolution: "Halt, rascals, and expect not to issue alive from this adventure."

The so-called rascals were two boys, about twelve years old, and they were carrying a message for their master, as it

was learned later. When they saw don Quijote, one of them said:

"Who is this scarecrow?"

"Scarecrow indeed, señores dwarfs! It is only too apparent that the prince who maintains you is a lord of little consequence, since he brought you up to be so ill-mannered and so presumptuous."

The boys were startled by these words, which they did not understand, and one of them timidly asked don Quijote what it was he wished.

"Nothing," answered don Quijote, "except that you must needs give up Rocinante and the gray at once, if you be not minded to have me treat you as your effrontery deserves."

They had hardly understood what the specter demanded of them, when Sancho, who waxed bolder when he beheld their timidity, drew near and assuming airs, said to them:

"What! obey you not what you are ordered by the knight-errant my master? Consider then that this is the last hour of your life; for, without his having anything to do with the affair, since it is the business of the squire to deal with dwarfs, I myself shall suffice alone to bring you to reason. Give up the horses therefore, for I feel my anger rising."

With this new development, the two boys were all at sea, and the older of them made bold to say that the horses under discussion were theirs, or, rather, their master's.

Then Sancho, with a great show of irritation, and convinced that there was no danger in being brave, seized the bridle of the supposed gray (for don Quijote had already laid hands on the so-called Rocinante). The riders tried to resist, but don Quijote bared his sword with such fierceness that the alarm of the supposed dwarfs could bear no more, and they sprang to the ground and made their escape with greater haste than if they had wings on their feet.

Don Quijote, with a disdainful look, watched them disappear, while Sancho examined the horses to see whether he recognized them, until he said, finally:

"Even should your honor order me to believe it, as an act of sacred obedience, I will not be convinced that we have here any such animals as the gray and Rocinante, and, to my seeming, if there be justice in this kingdom, we shall fetch up in prison as highwaymen and horse thieves."

"'Tis so, according to appearances," answered don Quijote, "but truth to tell, friend Sancho, it is very natural that these things should not be clear to such a rustic as thou art, since they belong to the world of enchantment and witchcraft. Know (and have done with thy cavillings and muddle not thy brain) that thou hast here Rocinante and the gray transformed and altered in appearance because thou art thyself also enchanted; for such is the hatred of mine enemies that they content not themselves with persecuting me alone, but they must also include the noble Rocinante and even thy modest ass."

Sancho pretended to be convinced and satisfied, and, approaching the horse that fell to his lot, he began to say: "For the gray I take thee, although thou be not so, for one must not look a gift-horse in the mouth; and when they offer you a kid, have your rope ready; and a gift should be taken at its face value."

"We have naught here of a gift-horse or of a kid," said don Quijote, "but only the gray altered and transformed by magic art."

"I grant you it," answered Sancho, "and let it be understood that I say it to discharge my conscience;" and then, looking the horse over from head to foot, he went on to say to him: "Brother gray, how is this that they have changed thee for another? I left thee as ass's colt, and I find thee now a charger with rich trappings. I am a gainer by the transformation and I am enchanted that they make thee worth double or triple what thou didst cost, and I promise to be faithful to thee and not to sell thee, although they offer me for thee gold untold."

Don Quijote was also stirred as he placed his hand on Rocinante's mane, and he spoke in this manner: "O thou, horse of the horseman, nobler and handsomer than Incitatus,[1] than Bucephalus and even

[1]The name of the horse of the Cid Campeador.—THE EDITOR.

than Babieca[2] himself! Know that because thou servest whom thou servest, thou wilt go down in history, and that of thee they will recount deeds more glorious than those that exalt many human beings."

Whereupon Sancho said: "But see, your honor, that the saddles and the bridles have also been changed, for the son of my mother never saw any in such a form and quality as those that are to be seen here."

"It is true," answered don Quijote, "but, in good sooth, this transformation and alteration is in no way strange, inasmuch as circumstances alter cases."

Reasonable and just seemed to Sancho the observation of his master, and he said: "Very sound are such arguments as these your honor utters, for thus it will also be on the day on which my master shall make me the gift of an island, and I shall cease to be a squire in order to become a knight, and instead of this outfit, I shall wear a mantle of brocade and mayhap even a coronet."

"I am not much taken with what thou sayest," said don Quijote, "for if appearances are easily changed to follow the whim of fickle fortune, not in the same way is changed the quality of a low person for that of a knight, just as the goat takes to the mountain, and the monkey, although it be dressed in silk, a monkey will remain. Years and generations are necessary to enable the rude plebeian to gain the manners of the hidalgo, for I say that neither power nor wealth nor even wisdom itself is able to give to a man dignity and hereditary gentleness and the carriage and mien of one who has them by nurture and blood."

Little heed did Sancho give to the words of don Quijote, occupied, as he was, with examining minutely the equipment of his horse, the saddle, the girth, the surcingle and the bridle-reins; but suddenly this question occurred to him: "And tell me, my señor, will the dispositions of our horses have changed also?"

"It is possible," replied don Quijote, "that they may now have more spirit and energy."

"I do not accept the exchange then," went on Sancho; "I like not the part of horseman nor the temper of colts, for, like a reasonable person, I take more kindly to a measured gait and a gentle and tranquil disposition, and with me is more popular that saying: 'As for a colt, let another tame him.'"

"We shall now give him a trial," said don Quijote at this point. "Hold my stirrup, for, after so many lusters that have passed while I have been enchanted, I should be pleased to mount Rocinante anew in order to undertake harder and more dangerous adventures than those already encountered."

The squire obeyed him, and don Quijote mounted, but not without difficulty, as the beast was one of those said to be of seven quarters and a bit frisky and playful. Sancho at once undertook to mount the transformed gray, but he had no sooner passed his leg over the saddle than the animal began to prance, and Sancho cried out, beseeching the aid of his master, until at length he managed to get astride, upon the neck of the horse, and after much effort, to accommodate himself in the saddle, but so upset and muddled, that, not daring to move, he began to say to his master: "Try, your honor, my señor master, to disenchant the gray and change him back into his former condition, for not for me have been made these great horses with so much movement and disturbance. If God be pleased to save me from falling and let me descend whole from this tower, I shall never again try to make the ascent, although I be drubbed for it. I stick to the gray, and not to any such a colt, which does nothing but cut up, perform caprioles, as if he were a person of evil inclination and thoroughly spoiled."

Don Quijote was no better mounted: the stirrups were short; his knees were doubled up; he could not adjust himself to the saddle; and he slipped out of his seat every little while; but he paid little attention to such trifles, being more intent on his madness than on his comfort; and, spurring the beast with his heels, for lack of spurs, he set him off at once, and away he went at a half trot, followed by Sancho, who kept praying between his teeth and begging his master, for the love of God and all the

[2]The name of Caligula's horse, which the emperor appointed consul.—THE EDITOR.

saints, to stop Rocinante, for if he kept on trotting, his master would not reach the end of that adventure.

CHAPTER VIII

WHICH TREATS OF THE GROTESQUE ADVENTURE THAT DON QUIJOTE HAD BY FAVORING CERTAIN STRIKERS, WITH OTHER EVENTS THAT MAY NOT BE PASSED OVER UNOBSERVED

Following the course of this veridical history, its accurate author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, relates that the trot of the horses became so precipitate and so uncontrollable that, after going a short distance, not only Sancho, but don Quijote himself, began to feel upset, and don Quijote said to his squire, with his voice half stifled by the speed at which the frightened steed swept him along: "I assure thee, Sancho, that Rocinante's gait has become uneasy, and it even seems to me that he has become too rebellious and rascally to obey the rein."

"As for the gray," replied Sancho, squatting like a monkey and holding on to the mane in order not to tumble off, "he has been changed into a wild and devilish beast—from the way he pulls on the bit—and I would give a great deal to have him stop, because, as I see it, he is in truth bewitched, and he is carrying me straight to a precipice, frightful and with no outlet."

The pace of the two horses was more than fast, and neither Sancho nor his master was able to hold them. At best, all they could do was to stay on, while at the same time making the most curious spectacles imaginable of themselves. Sancho was doubled up in a knot, clinging to the mane, with his head close to the horse's neck, and the reins flying loose; and don Quijote, leaning back, with his feet in the short stirrups and his sharp-pointed knees sticking out on either side, all disheveled and with his forehead puckered into a frown.

Day began to break, and good fortune, or rather, bad fortune, would have it that our two travelers should arrive at a spot where there was a great crowd of people gathered in a mass in front of a very large manufactory of five or six stories, and that when the horses ran into the multitude, they should calm down. Don Quijote then succeeded in restraining his animal; whereupon Sancho's also stopped. The people of the crowd, who were on a strike because of low wages and the hardness of the speculative employer's heart, put aside their anger when they saw the strange personages who, arriving with the light of the dawn, seemed phantasms fleeing from the approaching day. They did not know, in truth, whether to laugh or to be alarmed at such figures as those presented by don Quijote and Sancho Panza, and some thought—and did not hesitate to say so—that our good hidalgo and his squire were clowns, puppet showmen or gipsies that were coming, doubtless, to announce their wares or to extend a welcome; but all were surprised when don Quijote, with a quiet voice and a tranquil gesture, spoke to them on this wise:

"Is it possible to know what is the occasion of this tumult?"

No one replied to the inquiry, and they were beginning to jeer, when don Quijote added:

"If it be some outrage that is being perpetrated on you, you have but straightway to tell me, for I am a knight-errant, and hence it is my profession to succor the needy and to do justice to the friendless."

All were looking at one another without understanding these remarks, when an old laborer, half blind, who was not able to make out the extravagant figure of our adventurer or, even less, to comprehend his words, but who supposed that he might be one of the police force, removed his hat with all respect and advancing toward where don Quijote was, he explained the case, saying that the owner of the factory, who could be seen in the distance, would not do the right thing by them, as he refused to increase the wages and to reduce the work, thus taking advantage of the need of the laborers, who, that morning, in order to bring pressure to bear on their master, had agreed to declare a strike; and he added that they asked for justice, and that the authorities ought to uphold them.

Don Quijote did not understand much of the workman's harangue, but it was clear to him that it was a case of asking his aid

against the abuses of some feudal lord or castellan, and he spoke thus:

"Great is the rascality of such a patron as he of whom you speak, brother, and he will have to deal with me, if he does not immediately consent to grant you the justice that you deserve. Know, all of you, unhappy and needy people, that you have here before you the knight of the sad figure to aid you and to succor you, as is proper; and that the scoundrel who thus takes advantage of your miserable condition shall be chastised with the severity he merits, since it was for this purpose that God has sent me into the world. Come now and tell me the whereabouts of the base knight that makes such attack upon justice."

With their mouths open, as we are wont to say, stood those of the crowd when they heard the singular language of don Quijote; but the old man already mentioned was well aware that the main thing was to see the owner of the factory, and, still retaining the idea that don Quijote was one of the authorities or a member of the police, he offered to guide him. Off went don Quijote, followed by Sancho, who on this occasion believed that the best thing to do was to abandon himself to his fate. The working-men, much given to the wild speeches characteristic of that republic, became somewhat stirred with enthusiasm by what don Quijote said, from the very fact that they did not understand him, and, although our hidalgo seemed to be more of a madman than a person in his senses, they wished to see what would be the result of the curious affair. Thereupon the old man that served as guide reached a grated gate that was closed, for the workmen had remained outside, refusing to enter and take up the daily work; and the owner, very angry, accompanied by his overseers, was walking up and down in the ample corridor, making it understood, by his gestures and words that he would not yield under any circumstances. When they reached the gate, don Quijote ordered that it be opened to him, and he entered, followed by the strikers, with so angry and determined an air that the workmen knew not what to think. The owner of the factory, a man with a florid and disagreeable complexion, an evil face with vinous cheeks and a red beard, thought that at last the workmen were ready to talk sense, as he would have it, and he advanced to receive them with weighty arguments; but when he saw don Quijote, he suddenly changed, thinking that they were making fun of him with that scarecrow; and he was going to put the insolent fellows out, when don Quijote, who understood that this must be the master, with a peaceful countenance, spoke to him in the following manner:

"Your honor shall know, señor knight, that I am don Quijote de La Mancha, of whom are recounted stories never before heard, as a redresser of wrongs and a chastiser of rascals, to such an extent that, with these titles, I have come to say to your honor that you must attend without demur to the petition of these needy and helpless people."

The manufacturer knew not what to reply to a madman of this sort, as he supposed him to be; but, after a moment of silence, he said:

"Begone, good fellow, by the road you came, as this is not a time for jests," and then, turning to the workmen, he added: "Off to your work or to the street, for I am losing my patience."

Don Quijote listened to the words of the manufacturer with contemptuous laughter, and he said at length: "It is clear, señor Scoundrel, that you are neither an hidalgo nor anything of the sort, for if you were, you would listen at once to reason."

"And who are you, Mr. Scarecrow," returned the other, "to come to such a one as I am with demands?"

"Who am I?" said don Quijote, his anger rising. "Well, you are going to see, señor don Insolent." And immediately, without awaiting further exchanges, he set his lance in place, urged on his horse, and rode at the manufacturer with so much of an impetus that he laid him flat on his back. The unfortunate manufacturer tried to rise, but don Quijote, with a fierce attitude and rising in his stirrups, threatened to make an end of him, if he did not at once yield to reason. The good Yankee, who had never been so hard pressed, began to stammer, entreating mercy, and not daring even to

breathe, so terrified was he by the figure of don Quijote, who was on top of him; and the laborers themselves, a bit frightened by such a scene, withdrew somewhat, without knowing which side to take.

In these circumstances, don Quijote, beholding his adversary fallen, set his lance at his breast, and informed him that at that hour and instant he would finish him up, if he did not at once acknowledge that he was vanquished.

"Oh, I acknowledge myself beaten!" stammered the Yankee, who already gave himself up for dead.

Don Quijote then calmed down, and, raising his lance, he said to the workmen:

"Enter, brothers, to make known your needs, for this señor knight will do justice to you according to the laws of knight-errantry." Addressing the manufacturer, he added: "Rise, your honor, señor don Numskull, for these my weapons were not made for such as are brought back to reason, whether by fair means or by foul."

They were at this stage when the police, attracted by the tumult, reached the factory. To behold the six mounted policemen and to recover his courage was, for the owner of the factory, an affair of a moment. He ran to the corridor or vestibule at the entrance to the building, and began to cry out, telling the preservers of order to come in and arrest the madman or demon that wished to assassinate him.

"Bailiffs for me!" said don Quijote, as he saw them coming; and he set his lance again with so much fierceness that the laborers themselves rolled back, terrified. Sancho hastened to his master to calm him, telling him not to get into a row with the Santa Hermandad,[3] for such he supposed the policemen to be. They on their part urged don Quijote to surrender to justice; but the bizarre don Quijote, mad through and through, went at them lance in hand, and he attacked with such fury that he overthrew with his horse the first one he encountered in passing, so that, although the one who rode it was a good rider, he measured his length on the ground, don Quijote also falling off. Don Quijote's bones came down on the ground under the feet of the horses. The workmen hastened to his assistance, half in mockery and half in compassion; the manufacturer gesticulated, demanding damages—which is the best kind of justice in those regions; and the police, concluding that they were dealing with an escaped lunatic, lifted him from the ground, all black and blue, with a gash in his forehead and spitting the last tooth that remained to him as a souvenir of the teeth that had departed; and immediately, without losing time in contemplations, they tied him fast, turning deaf ears to the protests and threats that were hurled at them by the damaged knight; and as soon as they had tied him, hard and tight, three of the policemen, who had dismounted from their horses, lifted him on high and carried him as on a chair of hands, followed by the workmen, who took the whole thing as a pleasantry and a joke.

What shall be said of the alarm and anguish of good Sancho in these straits? He knew not whether to follow his master or to remain there, until a policeman, observing his get-up, burst into laughter and asked him who he was.

"I am nobody," answered the unhappy squire; "that is to say, I do not know who I am nor who my master is, for to this point have I been brought by my ill-fortune; but may your lordship bear in mind that the two of us, master and servant, were raised from the dead, or enchanted, which is the same, and that if I am here, it is because I have come without knowing the whys and wherefores."

"It is clear enough that you are a great

[3]Literally, "Holy Brotherhood:" a tribunal instituted in the time of the Catholic sovereigns, with a jurisdiction of its own, to prosecute and punish crimes committed outside of cities and towns. Two such *hermandades* existed much earlier: the *vieja* (old) *hermandad*, and the *nueva* (new) *hermandad*. The old *hermandad* originated during the minority of Alfonso el Bueno, when the citizens of Toledo and Talavera met and armed themselves in order to pursue the disbanded partizans of the Castros and the Laras, as well as the foragers, who were guilty of great injury to and loss of property. It was approved by the kings of Spain, who granted it certain privileges. In time, the *hermandad* acquired the respect and affection of the people by guarding the highways and putting down brigandage, to such an extent that the name of *santa* was applied to it. The new *hermandad*, as has been said, was instituted by the Catholic sovereigns, and it was granted an independent jurisdiction, with the right to appoint mayors, bailiffs, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

rascal, and a scoundrel to boot," replied the policeman.

"A scoundrel, I? . . . I swear by my soul that I have never appropriated anything that belonged to another! As to being a rascal, I will not say the same, for, according to my view, all of us have in us something of the kind, and instead of that being said about the physician, the poet and the madman, it ought to have been said about the rascal, with the pardon of your honor, señor of the Santa Hermandad."

"What *hermandad* is this?" asked the policeman.

"Surely your honor also is enchanted, since you do not know about it, and it must be through the wiles of that cursed old sorcerer, that son of a wench, who is called Uncle Sam."

"Such nonsense is well enough to deceive fools," said the policeman, who did not understand a word of what Sancho was saying. "Be off, lest the thumbscrews be put on you, as you deserve, señor Scalawag."

"I say that I am neither a rascal nor a scoundrel," cried Sancho; "and your honor can inform yourself by asking in my village and its neighborhood and even throughout La Mancha, whether Sancho Panza be or not an honest man."

"I tell you to be off," replied the guardian of the law, getting warm, for several of the workmen were witnessing the scene, as they understood that the fellow with such an outlandish appearance was getting the better of the policeman, and they began to laugh with glee. Poor Sancho, thoroughly frightened, knew not where to turn his eyes, and he was not able to move, until the policeman laid hold of the horse that Sancho was riding and set off with him in the rear of the party that escorted don Quijote.

In the meanwhile, the guardians of the law carried the knight of La Mancha on high, and he, convinced of the quality of his conductors, let himself be borne along with a dignified countenance, as it ill behooved knights-errant to enter into altercations with low people, lest they violate the laws of knight-errantry.

Sancho, seeing his master a prisoner and cudgelled, began to say: "See, your honor, señor don Quijote, into what misadventure we have fallen by escaping from the castle of my señor don Samuel. In an evil hour your honor took me as a squire, and in one yet more evil did I let myself be fooled with promises of islands and governments, which is as if we should say: 'Try to fly without wings, and break your nose!'"

Sancho followed, spouting proverbs and lamenting, without his master's making any show of answering him, when one of the policemen stopped an automobile, which was passing at the time, and in the opening and closing of an eye, thrust in the master and squire, two policemen entering with them, and the automobile set off faster than the wind.

Don Quijote did not seem to be alarmed by this novelty, for, firm in his monomania, he believed that it was a dragon of the kind used by sorcerers, as is related in the stories that he had well in mind; but Sancho, from pure astonishment, fell into a stupor and tucked his head down like a chicken, thinking that his last hour had arrived.

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH IT WILL BE SEEN HOW DON QUIJOTE AND HIS SQUIRE WERE DISENCHANTED

While the events narrated in the preceding chapter were taking place, Uncle Sam, informed of the escape of his guests, raised a cry to heaven, as we are wont to say, and off he set to imprison guards, bring sentinels to justice and question wardens, in order to discover the whereabouts of the two resuscitated personages. As no one could explain, however, and as all thought that don Quijote and his squire could have made their escape only through the air, Uncle Sam was nonplussed, and he began to believe that the adventure in which he had involved himself was a thing of fancy and dreams; and it even crossed his mind that he had some screw loose in his head and that he was going to turn out to be a mocker mocked, a thing that upset him not a little; but, putting aside these well founded fears, he made provision, with foresight and good judgment, to set in motion, like well trained hounds, the best detectives of

the kingdom, while urgent orders were given by telegraph and telephone to the police to see to it that search be made, even beneath the ground, for the two fugitives. From these wise measures it resulted that, a very short while later, Uncle Sam learned, to his great satisfaction and that at the court, of the curious adventure at the factory, described in all its detail, together with the happy news that don Quijote and Sancho were in safe keeping.

Without loss of time, Uncle Sam ordered that master and servant (after the brief hours he judged necessary to prepare an ingenious plan that he had in hand) should be conducted with the greatest consideration to the same palace where they had been before, and at the same time he gave his orders that the conductors, when they reached the park that surrounded the monumental edifice, should set don Quijote and Sancho at liberty, guarding only the gate of entrance, which was not to be the principal one, but one that opened on an extensive meadow and lay in the other direction from one called the gate of honor.

In a short time (for not much is that which Uncle Sam needs for all his enterprises, whether wise or otherwise), plans were completed with ingenuity and merriment by the discreet old man, who was carried away by the adventure of the factory, the account of which was already passing from mouth to mouth, from newspaper to newspaper, from telegram to telegram, until it reached the end of the world, promising others not less interesting and pleasant, for the surprise and entertainment of our happy contemporary age.

The plan mentioned consisted in leaving don Quijote and Sancho at the entrance of the park of that residence, while Uncle Sam and his companions would observe from a distance the encounters and adventures, which would be of great novelty and afford diversion. It is to be remarked, for the better intelligence of this veridical history, that the park mentioned was of vast extent, more than two thousand toises long, by as many wide, and that it comprised within its bounds a woodland more than thick, two artificial lakes, crystalline brooks, murmuring cascades, pleasant meadows, clean paths, sylvan cross-roads, gardens of many hued flowers, orchards of exquisite fruits and certain productive lands, with all kinds of animals of the rarest and most valuable species. To complete the charm and attractiveness of this singular dwelling were cheerful lodges, small chalets, rural cabins of picturesque rusticity and many other marvels that can not be enumerated and that made this residence of the Uncle of our history the most charming and varied of all that could be imagined by the idle and most gifted fancy.

To cap the climax and complete the well elaborated plan, there was taken from the stables of the estate a certain dappled horse eight *cuartas*[4] high, which in his better days had been a race-horse and which at the time could barely amble, so great was his age. He was enjoying his rest or jubilee in reward for his great services, and although his rations were good and his labors naught, he was bony from age, half blinded by cataracts and covered with more scars and scabs than a warhorse. This Bucephalus they fitted out with a very shining saddle; and along with him came as a companion a very good looking ass, gray in color and with a good gait, although a little lively and skittish, which was bridled and equipped with a pack-saddle provided with saddle-bags that were filled with appetizing cold foods.

Uncle Sam amused himself watching these preparations, and then he ordered that both animals should be left as if roaming and abandoned at the entrance of the park through which don Quijote and Sancho were to come. He also at once arranged other surprises and adventures that will be seen in the course of this veridical history, and which Uncle Sam and the gentlemen of his court were to witness while hidden in the foliage of the avenues.

As soon as everything was ready, word was sent by telephone to the police to bring don Quijote and Sancho Panza to the gate of the park already designated, and there,

[4]The Spanish *cuarta* (quarter) or *palmo* (palm) is the fourth part of a *vara* (usually translated by "yard"), which is equivalent to 33 English inches; so that the *cuarta* mentioned above is equivalent to 8¼ inches, so that the supposed horse would be 16½ hands high.—The Editor.

taking leave of them with the expressions agreed on, they were to leave them alone and free to embark upon their adventures.

Everything was therefore done as planned, and it was about two o'clock in the afternoon when, brought in a large motor-car, our two adventurers arrived. The police, represented this time by a captain, were extremely courteous and solicitous in their treatment of don Quijote, as soon as they knew with whom they had to do, so much so that when don Quijote descended from the car, the captain offered his hand to him with all reverence, and then he honored Sancho with a salute. Although a trifle peevish, and not knowing where they were taking him, don Quijote permitted himself to say:

"Your honor would do me no small favor if you would be so kind as to tell me the meaning of this riddle and adventure."

"I will answer this question with much pleasure," said the one interrogated.

"How is it that they are not taking us to the galleys?" said Sancho, somewhat recovered from the shock of the morning.

"What galleys?" answered the captain. "What there is in this that your honor, señor don Quijote, calls a riddle is that a wise friend of yours, as well as an admirer of your daring and courtliness, has broken the enchantment in which you were held, and this is the happy and for long years awaited hour in which my señor don Quijote de La Mancha is to be disenchanted and set free, again to roam about the world in search of achievements and adventures. As far as these railings that you see, reach the dominions of the Sorcerer that from envy and evil would hold you prisoner, and from this railing inward spreads a free world for your career and prowess."

Don Quijote believed these assertions as if they were the very gospel and, deeply stirred, he raised his eyes to heaven and said: "O thou, wise enchanter, friend of mine, whosoever thou art that thus favorest and counselest me: know that not in vain dost thou return to this knightly hidalgo the precious gift of liberty that is more precious than life itself. I must show great zeal and ingenuity rightly to exalt thy name and that of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, by carrying to a happy termination such achievements and adventures in behalf of the unhappy and the needy as will dim the luster of the greatest prodigies ever wrought by knights-errant and heroic paladins that fame honors with its sonorous trumpets."

"And does not my master ask," said Sancho, "who is this Enchanter our friend?"

"It is impossible to disclose it," said the representative of the police; for, because of modesty and decorum the wise man (and not a wizard, as you say, brother) would withhold his name—which is one of the most famous—until there shall arrive the happy day in which the famous knight of La Mancha, an unchained lion for bravery and the tailed eagle for haughtiness, shall be united in the bonds of matrimony with the chaste Tobosan dove, since, on that day, the wise man that has sent me will serve as sponsor."

"I am entirely satisfied," said don Quijote, "for it is not well to be bothering with investigations in respect of one that confers so great and lofty a favor, for the very reason that he does not ask for gratitude, as such a claim diminishes the favor and makes the favored discontented. Furthermore, I think I have an idea—however much he may hide it—of the name of the learned man to whom I owe vassalage, as every knight owes it, without detriment to his dignity, and rather to gain for himself greater luster and renown."

"More to the point are such words," said Sancho, "because it would not be well for your honor to say that about one's not being ill-born if he shows himself to be ill-bred, since what is wise is to bear in mind the refrain that runs to the effect that in granting favors, it is well to make the favor greater than the request of the favored."

With an imperative gesture don Quijote rebuked the impertinence of his squire, and then the police captain and his attendants (for four more had come in another automobile that was standing near by) made great genuflections, and the captain spoke in the following manner:

"A great satisfaction and pride has it been to me to know the honor and flower of knight-errantry; and with the permission and blessing of your honor, señor don Qui-

jote de La Mancha, I shall betake myself to the interior of the subterranean palace where the gentleman that has sent me is awaiting news of you."

Concluding these remarks, he bent his knees to don Quijote, who gave him his blessing, and his hand to kiss, speaking on this wise:

"Go you with God, brother, and give report to the wise man my friend, that I remain here in the world to exalt his favors."

"But it would be well," observed Sancho, "that we at once pass the gates of this iron fence, which, as this gentleman says, are the ones that separate the enchanted from those that are not so. Let it not be that by passing the time in compliments we expose ourselves to worse evils."

Don Quijote did so, and Sancho with him. The policemen closed the two iron gates, seated themselves in the cars and set out with such velocity that Sancho marveled anew, and he was more convinced than ever that he and his master had been under a spell.

Chapter X

How don Quijote and Sancho Panza found Rocinante and the gray for the second time, with other events, which may not be left untold, for the better comprehension of this history

It is related by Cide Hamete Benengeli, that, as soon as the automobiles disappeared, don Quijote and his squire seated themselves a good while upon the fresh grass, and that don Quijote said:

"Now seest thou, brother Sancho, that even if we have enemies, we do not lack friends, and so powerful are they that in a twinkling they have undone the wiles of the malignant Merlin."

"So I am seeing," said Sancho, "although much I fear me that this is not going to turn out well, for an old dog is not easily deceived, and evils never come singly."

"Thou wouldst be in the right, son, to say what thou dost, if in the present case it had not been through the intervention of the wise man, my friend, who is with me and grants me his favor."

"It must be as your honor says," agreed Sancho, "and let us leave it to take care of itself, for: however early one rises, the day breaks no earlier: we must never apply the plaster until the boil gathers; nor ever trouble trouble till trouble trouble us; nor make haste to communicate evil tidings."

"This time your proverbs are to the point," remarked don Quijote, "for that is very true which says that: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and all the more so, since to-day brings us not evil but good fortune."

"Not much, I should say," said Sancho, "for your honor has already seen how bad this morning went with us."

"How bad?" said don Quijote. "Did we not force that low fellow to do justice to all those that stood in need?"

"I do not see the justice, nor do I believe it was an inn or a farmhouse, because he was the master and the others were the servants, and it is only too well known that justice is a funnel, with the big end for the rich man and the small end for the poor. To sum up accounts, we turned out to be the ones that encountered justice, while the Santa Hermandad, after beating your honor to their hearts' content, would have taken us off to the galleys and to hard labor, if this good patron, who without knowing us, trusts us and aids us, had not happened along."

"That past is past," said don Quijote, "and now it is our duty to occupy ourselves with the present, for the tasks of the day do not leave much room for the memories of yesterday or the ambitions of tomorrow. The present is what lives, and to it we must devote ourselves with all earnestness, if we do not wish to pass for fools and loiterers."

"Your honor has spoken like a book," said Sancho, "and I will add that to live well in the present, as your honor says, one must make use of the past; for experience is the mother of knowledge; so that, as we already know what ill luck and misfortunes are, what we must attend to in this new turn of fortune is to be prudent and chastened and not to rush into quarrels, or to try to find three feet on a cat, since for something it has been said, that if thou wouldst live content, make of thyself a jument."

"Prudence is one of the most estimable of virtues," commented don Quijote, "but also at times it is not a virtue, but a pretext and a sign of fear that only serves to belittle the mind and diminish the dignity of man. Fear, friend Sancho, is so lamentable and pernicious that it makes dull the intelligence, a thief of a man of honor, the hidalgo servile and the fool learned; for, in trying to prevent danger or in temporizing with the wicked, the noblest faculties that God places in human hearts are weakened and degraded."

"This is all well enough," said Sancho, "but from saying to doing there is much ruing, and brave men and good wine do not last long, and every fellow has his story and keeps his soul in his chest.[5]"

Master and servant were discoursing upon these and similar topics when the latter descried the two horses made ready by Uncle Sam, which were grazing in the meadow, and, beginning to cry out and leap up and down, he said:

"See, your honor, Rocinante, my señor don Quijote; and see also the gray. Here they were, awaiting us from the event of our enchantment! These animals and not the others of this morning are the genuine ones. Hurrah and more hurrahs! Now, indeed, I believe that we are disenchanted!"

Don Quijote rose, and they both approached the two animals with manifestations of the greatest satisfaction.

Don Quijote caught the reins of Rocinante, and, patting him on the head and neck, he began to say: "O my faithful, my noble Rocinante, as famous and as faithful as the master thou didst accompany and didst serve in so many feats and battles, whom the clarion of fame will never weary of heralding throughout the world and whom Bellona herself will exalt and place on the very horns of the moon! O thou, wise friend of mine, that thus returnest and givest back to me the noblest and most gallant of steeds: how grateful ought I to be for this high favor that thus puts me in the way to renew my adventures with more daring and enthusiasm than I had when first I fared me forth through the country of Montiel! Now, since the gods will it, let the horse be saddled, and ready the horseman, that we may return to the world, Rocinante my friend, in search of adventures and dangers, for long seems the time, with my anxiety to begin them."

"O Gray, my brother!" said Sancho in the meanwhile, with tears in his eyes, "and how is it that thou hast appeared, when I was weeping thee as dead; and how fat and rejuvenated do I find thee again! Henceforth I promise and I swear not to leave thee, either in sunshine or in shadow, either in life or in death; and I shall regale thee one day, yes, and another also, with a double ration of barley in grain, not to mention pasture, to thy liking."

These natural expressions being passed, don Quijote was further showing his satisfaction by skipping and taking a turn or two at dancing, when Sancho, looking both at Rocinante and at the gray as well, began to say:

"But see, your honor, that, rightly considered, it seems to me this is not the gray and this is not Rocinante, although these two nags are very similar to them. What is to be seen at once, indeed, is that the equipments are new and more valuable, but they are of so strange an appearance that I have never seen the like in all my days. As for the animals (be it said with pardon), your honor loses by the exchange, for the one that stands here looks older than Methuselah, and thinner and more broken down than an old livery hack."

He at once approached the horse, examined his mouth and began to laugh, saying that the teeth had disappeared entirely, and that it would be necessary to give him sponge-cake and custard, because, as to barley, that was not to be thought of.

Don Quijote was offended by these jests of Sancho's, and he told him he did not know what he was talking about; that the horse had more endurance and spirit than Bucephalus himself; and that he, don Quijote, very well informed on the subject, considered him to be the best in the world.

"By my faith, he hides it then," said Sancho, restraining his laughter; and he

[5]The play on words, *alma*, "soul," and *almario*, "wardrobe," "chest," in *tiene su alma en su almario*, is not easy to preserve in the translation; but, since "chest" has the two obvious meanings, it is offered as a makeshift—THE EDITOR.

went to examine the ass's colt, saying at the same time: "I, in sooth, am the gainer, as it seems to a man of wisdom. The devil! but the gray is rejuvenated. And the saddle-bags! See, your honor! They are full, and not of scraps, but of the finest viands! . . . And how they smell!"

"It is the truth," said don Quijote, under whose nose Sancho had thrust the saddle-bags; and the squire added:

"Damned if I remember ever having put away such cold meats; but let us not bother to make inquiries, for in my opinion and in that of my stomach, the first thing to do is to take nourishment here on this fresh grass, if your honor has nothing else in mind."

Don Quijote consented, and the two seated themselves in the shade of some flowering trees, which formed, as it were, a thick bower. Sancho emptied the saddle-bags, making a great flourish, above all, when he had found a bottle, and, applying his nose to it, perceived that what it contained was wine, and that of the best.

"Wine we have," he said, rubbing his hands, "and I have gone so long without tasting it! Take a swallow, your honor, for, to judge by the smell, it seems a pretty good thing and of the finest."

Don Quijote consented. Sancho served him half a drink in a goblet that he found with the bottle, and as soon as don Quijote had tried it, he said:

"It is from Cyprus, and so old that it cheers and fortifies, so much so that it brings to mind that saying: *Vinum laetificat cor hominis*."

Sancho laid hold of the bottle, for he was not content with the goblet, and, bending his elbow, he spent more than a little while letting the wine gurgle. Then he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, savoring it over and over; and he said: "Our friend the wizard must be a person of quality, if he serves such wine; and how well do the cold meats go with the drink! Eat, your honor, because for something it has been said that a full belly makes a merry heart."

Don Quijote took a bite or two, mindful of his natural sobriety, while Sancho stuffed himself to his heart's content, with his mouth full and praising the variety of the viands on which he was regaling himself, but without succeeding in making don Quijote listen to him, because his now awakened fancy caused him to see new and more marvelous adventures, until, rising, he said:

"Come, Sancho, we must not give ourselves up to idleness and feasting, when the savant, my friend, who did me such honor by disenchanting me, expects of me sacrifice and deeds, and not comfort and ease. Hardship, I would, and not gratification; pains, and not pleasures; work, and not rest; hunger, and not satisfaction; combats and sword-thrusts, and not soft blandishments; war with honor, and not peace with shame; fierceness, and not dalliance; since for this God placed me in the world as the herald of justice and well-being."

"Your honor must be crazy," said Sancho, "when such things occur to you, for I do not see the need to prefer what is evil to what is good, or to exchange ease and contentment for blows and misfortunes. See, your honor, how all the people labor and sweat to earn their daily bread—which is what concerns them most—and do not try to make the world over, which is the most solemn folly that ever was seen. The world will go its own gait, and to wish to mend it, as your honor is trying to do, is to smash the jug against a stone; is to look for hair on an egg; is to thrust yourself in where you are not wanted. Accept my counsel, your honor; have done with adventures, for Peter is now too old to be a goatherd; and let us enjoy this blessing that has come to us in a scatheless manner, as one might say."

"A fool art thou, and a knave by way of good measure," replied don Quijote; "for thou art not able to understand how and why I am a knight-errant. Not merely to eat does man live!—whosoever it was that said it—and by this it is to be understood that we are here for greater ends than such as are counseled by selfishness and sought by weak human nature. Hard and rough is the way of justice; valor demands effort, and abnegation sacrifice; but the justice that exalts; the valor that watches over one's own honor and that of others (for this is true valor, and not that which has

regard for self, and changes into cruelty and pride); and, finally, the abnegation that considers charity and mercy: all these virtues together constitute honor, which is a more precious gift than life, since it is the distinction and the favor that the supreme Maker has bestowed upon man to cause him to surpass the rest of the creatures and to go to the very gates of death in quest of the eternal reward. If it is not so, why do we tend the tree, that it may bear and ripen seasoned fruit; and the plant, that it may yield the brilliant flower; and the grain, that it may produce the precious harvest; for fruit and flower and grain are what in man we call honor and virtue, which are one and the same, and which is what the omnipotent Maker reaps in us, just as we harvest the fruits of the soil."

Sancho listened as one stupefied to these phrases, and he moved his head as if to make it understood that he did not catch the sense of what was said by don Quijote, who, more and more wrought up, continued:

"Bring hither Rocinante, and let us begin anew the career of knight-errantry, for already impatience sets spurs to my will and looses the bridle of my courage. For something I am honored with the famous helmet of Mambrino, which symbolizes nobility of thought; for something also do I grasp this blade, emblem of strength and daring; for something, in fine, am I the knight of La Mancha, of the sad figure and of the lions, by way of full measure."

Sancho, overcome by the impetuous harangue of don Quijote, brought Rocinante and held don Quijote's right stirrup. Up went his master, who, all stirred and aflame with enthusiasm, began to spur with such impetuosity that the horse, which had in him what is called the pure strain and was therefore of a fiery disposition, recalled his youth, and he set out at full tilt; but with such ill fortune that, because of his age and his blindness, he stumbled on some shrubs and went down in a heap, don Quijote flying over the horse's neck and coming down on his head, half a dozen yards away.

THE NATIONAL SALON OF FINE ARTS

BY

JOSÉ LEÓN PAGANO

The critic moves among the pictures and statuary of the recent exhibition of art in Buenos Aires. As a man of thought, he maintains the following propositions: that "no collective exhibition is excellent as a whole;" that "the object of exhibitions is not to create artists, but to show the works that artists produce;" and that it is "enough for us to see how young men begin and then succeed and finally become established, thus bestowing upon us works nobly executed." Having explained what he conceives to be the reason why a salon should be, he selects from the collection such exhibits as enable him to develop his theories of art, and he describes them in detail.—THE EDITOR.

WE ARE a great people. We repeat it every little while, in verse and to music. To oppose this affirmation is unpatriotic, because it is to deny the letter and the spirit of our national hymn. We lacked genius only, and we have had it. As we are a great people, however, our genius could not be like any other genius; no, indeed. It had to be a genius, which, while, seeming like other geniuses, would be different from them all; or, rather, it should contain them all. We ought to produce a new form of genius, that is, the genius of geniuses; cipher and compendium in one. In order to obtain this prodigious result, an act of affirmation sufficed; we proclaimed our genius as a provincial deputy is proclaimed. We had the good sense to choose a solemn and propitious moment, the first centenary of our political independence. In no case and under no circumstances, may our quality as a privileged people be forgotten. We do not forget it. The Décimo Salón Nacional de Bellas Artes proves it; but, rather than by the salon itself, it is corroborated by the preliminaries of the opening and the comments that followed the inaugural day. This is not wont to be the least picturesque part of the artistic contest.

"It is the best of the salons," argue some; and others reply: "It is the worst of them all." The daily press, the echo of the common thought, repeats: "This salon constitutes a step forward;" or perchance: "This salon marks a step backward." However, with one and the other, the pro and the con are maintained, without forgetting that we are a great people. . . .

The European nations, the most illustrious, because of the agelong glory of their arts, are barely able to show two or three great representative figures in each epoch. They become, in a certain manner, new expressions of the traditional culture. It is the genius of peoples affirming itself in its own renewals. It is the sum of all the efforts that are reabsorbed in the synthesis man, through whom the nation or people acquires voice and thought in the presence of the excellence of the universal. These illustrious old nations explain the present by the past: one form of art is obeyed by another expression, which unites them and justifies them, now as a collective phenomenon, now as an individual affirmation.

There is no place therefore for any surprise. No one can be surprised by the presence of a strong personality in an environment where many such personalities were produced. Zuloaga could not occasion surprise in Spain; nor Besnard, in France; nor Segantini, in Italy. However, in the artistic realm, these countries possess only certain units, not all of the same value, followed immediately by many zeros. . . . For the same reason, no collective exhibition is excellent as a whole. This is prevented by the number of the exhibits, at variance in themselves. In these cases, the comparative term suggests itself spontaneously. Paintings by Zuloaga, by Besnard and by Segantini possess a positive value, in themselves. They are the representative works of an epoch; they synthesize it, in a manner. Beside these painters, we can only place other substantive values, which, if found at times in the country of each of them, it is not common to

find at others. In this way, they constitute a nucleus, always limited. Beside them, we see how the stature of the rest decreases, and we are aware that there also exist hierarchies among the rest,

From all this inevitably results a diversity, which is expressed in inequality, in the collective exhibition as a whole.

So therefore, if this occurs among nations whose art presupposes stages surmounted through the evolution of many centuries, what can we demand of our surroundings, still indefinite? We are a great people, yes; but we are subject to the laws that govern this planet; and, to appearances, it is not right to modify them on just any patriotic anniversary. . . . The truth is that we have an annual salon in Buenos Aires, and it is of this that I am speaking. If exhibitions held in it make anything stand out, it is that we also possess a nucleus of artists, some admirable, some excellent, some worthy of consideration. This is not a little. The phenomenon, as may be seen, is in itself identical with that of all countries, except, naturally, in qualitative value, and this not in all cases. We possess certain units, followed by the necessary zeros . . . but why mention names?

Both kinds are useful in their way, even to bring out the contrast. We are impatient, however. Every time the national salon opens its doors to the public, we hear: "Nor this year, either, will any great personality be revealed to us. . . ." It is natural to desire it, doubtless. Is it reasonable thus to make exaction, however, as a peremptory demand? We forget that the object of exhibitions is not to create artists, but to show the works that artists produce. It is absurd therefore to seek, from year to year, "the revelation of great personalities." Is it not enough for us to see how some young men begin and then succeed and finally become established, thus bestowing upon us works nobly executed? If this occur, what more does a salon need to justify its efficiency? Also, it is beside the mark to speak of collective progress or decline, taking as bases for opinions two consecutive salons. Art does not decay and it is not transformed from one year to another; and we ought not to say: "The year so and so of the salon was better, or such and such a year was worse." Let us say rather: "Such and such a year, A's picture or sculpture was exhibited, and some other A did not paint or model any equal work." That is enough. The salon, however, will be just the same. This is as it ought to be among us to-day. In no case can there be held here collective exhibitions of much representative value. Our artistic environment does not permit this. Even in case retired painters or sculptors should send their products, we should have the same salon, with a few more good paintings and sculptures. If they should stand out, then the inequality would be greater. If a salon is not obtained by increasing the number of exhibits, neither is it by reducing them by means of the application of a rigid standard. Not even in such a case could we expect to have a collection of works whose value, as a whole, would be correlative. Let there be an exhibition of twenty works, selected from among the best of each year, and when once exhibited, it will be seen that the number could have been reduced. . . .

No one will speak then of national salons, however. Following this reasoning, we shall easily reach the conclusion that collective exhibitions are impossible among us.

Do the discontented wish to attain to this point? Let us now glance at the opposite extreme.

About six hundred pictures were sent to the present salon. This figure presupposes the existence of two hundred painters. Can such a phenomenon be admitted, even as an hypothesis? The European nations, however, although they surpass us in population, do not offer similar collections. We do not mention the case of Paris. No one is unaware that that metropolis is the market of Europe; but no one is ignorant, either, that France does not possess two hundred painters that represent her traditional culture. When France participates with a pavilion in an international exhibition, she does not send six hundred pictures. We have seen that it was so in five exhibitions in Venice, and we saw the same in Rome, on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unification. Let the same

thing be said of Spain, England, Germany, Austria and Russia. None of these nations possesses two hundred painters that represent her worthily as a whole. The exhibition of the centenary serves as further evidence of what I say. Shall we undertake to accomplish such a feat? . . . What our artistic environment yields of itself is made evident by the national salon and Museo de Bellas Artes.

In each, the number is limited to its relative proportions; and the latter, although limited, convince us that our artistic progress is not illusory. A circumstance —the most significant—makes it clear: the juvenile spirit of this salon. As a whole, it reveals disquietude, longing, anxiety; and all this bubbling of energy is expressed, now in promises, now in accomplishments worthy of notice. Because it is youthful, lack of utilitarian preoccupation is manifested in all. The expert observer will observe that no one cultivates commercial work here. Let us note this circumstance; for it can not be made to apply to all our intellectual activities, and it is applicable to the theater less than to any other. It is young, because in none of its sections is this salon seen to be marred by academic canons, always opposed to every affirmation of an individual character. However, do not let those that reject discipline because they can not face the severity of its laws think that they find in this conception a justification. The word "academy" implies sterile formulas; but opposing them presupposes the previous mastery of modes of expression capable of following the movements of our uneasy life. This is, indeed—be it said with platonic rejoicing —the desire of not a few young Argentines, who, besides, have the credit of another promising virtue: sincerity. Every one expresses there his own opinion, no one is merged in the uniformity of reciprocal imitations. All dare to present themselves as they are, to show what they see and to express what they feel. It is not everything, but it is enough. The rest, we know where it abides; and if any one shall ever succeed in bringing it out, it will be one of this number.

Limiting ourselves to the young, would it be too venturesome to affirm that Centurión, Guido and Jarry are very near it?

Let us look now at the canvas of Emilio Centurión, entitled *Misia Mariquita* (Dame Mariquita).[1] Into every plastic work enter two elements: the subject represented and the mode of presentation. Often we hear it said: "This picture is well painted," and it is, in truth. It is a beautiful image; nothing more. What does the painting express? Considered in itself, as a pictorial work, it achieves relative power. Seldom does a painter demand more when he is a mere "painter." Manual dexterity exists in this picture, and it almost always subjugates. Others, however, see things differently, and they demand that a picture shall not be merely an image. They desire in a painting something more intimate, more profound. The physical portrait is not sufficient for them; they fathom what is permanent in the character; and they offer us a synthesis that individualizes it. This has been and ever will be the true object of art. Technique is a means, not an end. We are not concerned with *how* the author painted his work, but with *what* and *how much* he succeeded in expressing in it. A figure has meaning, above all, by reason of its human content —which is what is permanent—and not by reason of its medium of expression—which is circumstantial.

Misia Mariquita is a well painted picture, but in saying this we do not define its essential qualities. We often hear it said of a picture: "It is well painted," because there is ostentation in its execution, and quick touch and descriptive drawing stand out. On the other hand, the great merit of Centurión lies precisely in the fact that he can forget *the painting* in order to come face to face with the being objectivated, in all its humanity. In the presence of this picture, it occurs to no one to *see* the technique with which it has been achieved, nor to eulogize the ability of a facile execution or to censure a timid manner. We are not interested in

[1] *Misia* is used in Argentina in familiar intercourse in the sense of "Mrs.," "Mistress," "Dame"; Mariquita is one of the numerous diminutives or pet names of María; others in commoon use are: Marica, Mauria, Maruca.—THE EDITOR.

inquiring *how* the work was achieved. It is sufficient to admire it in its final result. This is equivalent to saying that he has risen above the material. The media of expression are subordinated to the sentiment contained in the picture. We are therefore in the presence of a superior work. The jury has bestowed upon it the maximum award, in harmony with a lofty spirit of justice.

What is *Misia Mariquita*, pictorially considered? Before answering this question, let us examine the theme of the painting.

Misia Mariquita is a lady of slight stature, thick-set, with short arms and small hands. She is dressed in black, as her age demands, and she wears a headdress of a past fashion. She is wearing mitts. She is seated near a table that suggests remote times. On the table is a Child Jesus beneath a crystal ball, a book of hours and a rosary. The surroundings are blue-gray. Misia Mariquita fixes her questioning eyes on the observer. She is round-cheeked and she has a florid complexion. The contrast between the accessories and Misia Mariquita's pleasing tranquillity is marked. Everything in her proclaims that she is not troubled with disquietudes of the spirit. Hair-cloth never mortifies her adipose plumpness. Hers is a simple life, without psychological complications.

From all this, it is inferred that the subject of the picture is not attractive in herself. The artist has not sought the aid of a fascinating model. Nevertheless, the figure holds us, causes us to contemplate it, and, at length, it captivates us. Why? Because it is not *an image*. The artist has succeeded in individualizing the character of this simple life.

Here you have the content of the picture. Its pictorial value lies in the *quality* of the whole. Each of its parts is in harmony with its own substance. The material adjusts itself to and identifies itself with the things it represents, thus permitting its properties to be discerned.

We have also placed Alfredo Guido on the higher plane. His work reveals the disquietudes of one who sees beyond the apparent and longs for something that transcends the physical aspect of things. This is the characteristic of his talent, even when he displays effort in subjecting it to chromatic problems. There are in it two opposing circumstances: the object of the painting and the general gamut that *provokes* its painter. We mention in evidence of the fact the *Retrato de hombre* (Portrait of a Man), and, even more, the *Desnudo* (A Nude). In both, we note a "pictorial preoccupation," as if the theme of the picture were subordinated to an ideal environment that transforms without justifying it. Owing to this, the *Retrato de hombre*, excellently painted, turns out to be a beautiful image, and as such, limited in itself. We see too much of the painter himself, able, doubtless, but not so much so that he succeeds in disguising his technique—laborious and slow—inimical, in this case, to the spontaneous nervousness that infuses warmth and life into everything that obeys its laws. There is lacking here the breath that animates its whole. As to the figure, it is proper to think of the urgency of an analeptic regimen.

A pictorial problem is always a problem of luminous values. By means of his combination of harmonies, the painter expresses bodies modified by light. This, however, in no case diminishes or suppresses the volume of the body itself. When a given body lacks sufficient volume, it is because it is wanting in values. This is what happens with Guido's *Desnudo*. The gamut of this canvas is very delicate, but Guido sacrifices in it all the qualities of living reality. It is like a vision of something that has vanished in its own pallidity.

One thing may be demanded of an artist: that he be faithful to himself. In it is the supreme affirmation of personality. The artist must empty himself wholly into his work. He must identify himself with it. He must represent his own soul, rather than an aspect of objective nature. So it is that through his work the artist fashions the history of his own spirit. Alfredo Guido tells us that his is capable of disquietudes—an unmistakable indication of superiority. He is young; therefore the work accomolished signifies in

him only an episode—beautiful because of the virtues contained in its potency. In order to manifest them, it is enough that he be faithful to himself.

Gastón Jarry is the third unit of this small nucleus. His canvas, *Mujer dormida* (A Woman Asleep), places him at once in the first rank; and, with a few other paintings, marks the excellence that signifies spiritual distinction. Jarry's picture represents a nude woman lying, on her back and in full light, stretched on a white couch. Only the head, buried in the pillows, is enveloped in the penumbra, which extends to the shoulders. This is the least felicitous part of the painting; in truth, the arm is enlarged and it seems to be swollen, in its inharmonious proportion. The very tone of the shadow that seems to accentuate this defect is not clean. Had it not been for this circumstance, Jarry would have disputed the prize with Centurión. Except the portraits exhibited by the señora Weiss de Rossi—not to mention Christophersen—there is in the salon nothing painted with equal freedom and with greater certainty. In this painting of Jarry's is admired the great wealth of tones, now gray, now warm, according to the requirements of the chromatic balance of the whole. There are solidity and vigor in all its parts. Considered as a pictorial problem, this nude signifies a great effort, the most interesting of the present salon. The theme is difficult in itself. It might have turned out to be "a painted thing," like the *Desnudo* of Francisco Vidal, or something excessively objective, like all things wanting in spirit. "Criticism" has not paused to consider the difficulties that this work presupposes: difficulties conquered with a strength only too little common in our pictorial environment. This nude is not a physical painting, as a certain chronicle of too hasty a character seemed to insinuate. Therefore we spoke previously of *spiritual distinction*. A physical painting is that of Nava, when he paints canvases like *La novia* (The Bride), whence all might disappear with the abundance of the useless gewgaws; a physical painting, or something worse, is that of the landscapist Delucchi, whose canvases are lacking in all emotive power. In Jarry's work, however, there is something more! an element of humanity, which, because it is so, signifies also kinship to things of the spirit.

Three contributions by Jorge Bermúdez hang in the first hall. We shall point out preferably the one denominated *Bajo el tala* (Under the Tala [a tree]), because there is to be observed in it an *ensemble* of reality that does not mark either *El adolescente* or *Don Panta Vilques*. In these latter paintings are seen the same conventional backgrounds and capricious environments to which Bermúdez has accustomed us. In other respects, the three canvases confirm the same excellences and bring out the negative characteristics as his previous work. The former are revealed in a powerful faculty that enables him to characterize types and express them objectively with vigor; the latter are evidenced by a precarious drawing, which, if at times it verges on disproportion, at others amounts to deformity. To see that this is true, one needs only to turn to the hands of *El adolescente*, and the left arm, whose foreshortening has no possible explanation. Observe then the right arm of the Andine *gaucho*, whom he reproduces in *Bajo el tala*, and make the same observation in *Don Panta Vilques*. The arms of the former are disproportionately long, and the hands are but slightly drawn, while the arm of the latter is disproportionately short.

Of Bermúdez can now be demanded a better balance in the proportions of his figures. The positiveness of his work gives us a right to do so. Another carelessness may be pointed out in *El adolescente*, but this is in the coloring. Observe the shadow produced by the fold of the mantle: a fold that runs the length of the juvenile breast. The excessive intensity makes a hollow in the picture, for it is not in keeping with the tonality of the mantle itself. It is as black as the hair, and observe that it is all in the shadow.

None of the artists that received awards in former years are worthily represented in this salon. Antonio Alice struggles in vain with an ingrate theme, if there ever was one, and his effort is limited to giving

us a violent note and doubtful taste. Raúl Mazza accumulates difficulties far too great for his medium on a canvas of broad dimensions. Walter de Navazio sent three Italian landscapes, and the three reveal the same sources of Cordoban motives, painted in his studio in the Calle Cangallo. . . .

Luis Cordiviola is not among those that have received prizes. He exhibits two canvases, in which he shows us the same landscape without color and the same little cow of painted paper. Let us evoke the *Escena de trabajo en La Boca* (Work Scene in La Boca [a town on the Plata, in the outskirts of Buenos Aires]), in order to see what the temperament of the painter really is. In respect of the seascapes, let us also mention those signed by Julio Martínez Vásquez.

Still life is represented by Enrique Prins, whose *Glicinas* (Argentine plants of the genus *Glycyrrhiza*), stamps him as a painter of exquisite taste.

If anything is proven by the two canvases of Jorge Soto Acebal, sent to this exhibition, it is that he ought not to paint in oils. This material is refractory to him. *Soñando* (Dreaming)—such is the title of one of his pictures—was painted in patches, without regard to the whole, and hence the consequent lack of harmony. The figure, however—and in spite of its being life-size—is of less importance than the sofa, whose tapestry preponderates, not precisely for its attractiveness, but for want of adequate relation to the central theme of the picture, which is the dreaming figure.

The second of the canvases represents the mother of the painter, and although better balanced than the other, it falls far short of his water-colors.

Madre e hija (Mother and Daughter), Augusto Marteau entitles his beautiful study of characters and setting. He is one of the few young artists who know how to envelop the figures of their pictures in the atmosphere. He possesses a delicate eye, and he only needs to pay more attention to form in order to achieve the success near to which his positive qualities have already brought him.

Alberto M. Rossi exhibits a portrait worthy to be pointed out, whether because of the fineness of its grays or because of freedom of technique. Less spontaneous does Francisco Vidal show himself to be, for *La niña del abanico* (The Girl with the Fan), reveals in its painter "kitchen" preoccupations, for if sometimes they achieve a certain air of archaism, at others they only render manifest the uselessness of artifice.

Let us recall the *Desnudo* of Gonzalo Moreira; *La vuelta al pago* (The Return to the Old Home), and the *Indecisión* of Juan Paláez; the first named for its luminosity, and the other two for their dextrous play of light and shadow; a *Retrato* (Portrait), by Eduardo Picabea; two pastels by Emilia Bertolé: delicate, like everything of hers; and let us look at the landscapes. Why comment on *Las comadres* (The Old Wives), of Gramajo Gutiérrez? There are not in this poor canvas either drawing or values. It is, like all of his paintings, the caricature of a picture, done while trying to do something very different.

If among the landscapes there were to be found no others in this collection than Antonio Pedone's *Tarde serena* (A Quiet Evening) and Américo Panozzi's *Nocturno de navidad* (A Christmas Nocturne), they would be sufficient to justify the section to which they belong. There exist others, however, worthy to be mentioned with praise, such as: Alfredo Guido's *Mañana de otoño* (Autumn Morning); Ángel Domingo Vena's *Paisaje de invierno* (Winter Landscape); Adán Pedemonte's *Rincón del bosque* (A Corner of the Woodland) and *Mañana de sol tibio* (A Morning of Warm Sun); Francisco Reimundo's *Contraluz* (Counter-Light), and others by Carnacini and Albino, without forgetting, it should be said, Carlos Camilloni's *Córdoba vieja* (Old Córdoba), and we still behold the sensitiveness that is in Italo Botti.

The section of sculpture is ennobled by four works of classic severity. They belong to Rogelio Irurtia. They are four heads, one of them in plaster—*Primavera* (Spring)—and the others in bronze. The one entitled *El condenado* (The Condemned) is a study for the group, *La fatalidad* (Fatality), of the monument to General Dorrego. It is easy to infer the representative value that this work will

possess when a detail expresses so much and means so much in itself. These pieces of Rogelio Irurtia's carry the mind back to remote ages and recall the masters of periods in which creative discipline and fervor were inseparable terms. Therefore Irurtia's name has for us an Emersonian meaning. We proved it in Paris and we ratified it in the universal exhibition in Barcelona. His double triumph in France and in Spain signifies that victory pertains to all latitudes, when the one that aspires to it belongs to the race of the elect.

Rogelio Irurtia will soon hold an exhibition of his own. There his labor of twenty years will be assembled. We shall doubtless witness the most noble event that art can furnish in our country. . . .

. . . . . .

Certain units, and then the rest. . . .

The transition is abrupt. However, and although the hall of sculpture offers several other worthy productions, it is well to let the recollection of Irurtia vanish. . . .

Then no one will fail to appreciate the praiseworthy effort achieved by José Fioravanti in *El tributo* (The Tribute), more worthy of encomium for its modeling than for its composition. Less correct is Ernesto Soto Avendaño's *Cansancio* (Weariness), but more energetic and vigorous, even in its inharmony. There are in this young sculptor somewhat rare gifts of statuary, in spite of the unrestrained violence of his present work. None of the errors that can be easily indicated here will cause to be overlooked an essential virtue in *Cansancio:* that of talent.

César Sforza exhibits two heads, of fine modeling, and a nude woman, which he entitles, somewhat arbitrarily, *Cariátide.* In this figure, the lower part does not seem to belong to the upper. The legs are disproportionate in their thickness. On the other hand, the arms seem to be excessively thin.

Two other fair productions, but nothing more than fair, are *Torso de mujer* (A Torso of a Woman) by Pedro Tenti, and *Ella* (She) by Alfredo Bigatti. Let us recall, in closing, two heads by Gonzalo Leguizamón Pondal and Troiano Troiani's *El pintor Boni* (The Painter Boni).

THE FOUNDING OF TENOCHTITLÁN

A MEXICAN LEGEND

BY

HERIBERTO FRÍAS

The story of the founding of the city of México, in which the ancient legend is clad in romantic garb, while the origin of the national symbol—the eagle seated on the *nopal* or prickly-pear, with the serpent, which it is strangling, in its beak—is explained.—THE EDITOR.

"OH, SOVEREIGN TECUHCTLI! After burying the heart of the Colhua princess, who is to-day the goddess Coci, the goddess of vengeance, we have fled, fighting slowly, consecrating with our blood and that of our enemies the waters of these lakes! It makes three years now that we have not sailed in great barges from Mexicaltzingo to Ixtacalco, and from Ixtacalco to Mixihuican; we have heaped them with earth and mud; the winds of the north have brought seeds; and the god Ceutictl has caused to spring up on them the golden stalks of maize and the beautiful flowers of the valleys; and the poor barges have been changed into rich *chinampas* that float upon the blue waters to the sweet song of the trilling of the birds. Gaudy humming-birds and butterflies follow the course of our floating gardens. . . . Why do we not set up on these waters the city of the green *chinampas?*"

It was the warrior Ocelopan that spoke one afternoon to the high priest Tenoch, who, tranquilly seated on a rocky islet, was looking toward the east at the tuft of ruddy, golden smoke of the giant Popocatépetl, in the light of the setting sun.

Tenoch was no longer the leader that long series of moons ago doubted the future of his race; he was not the one that restlessly, almost sacrilegiously, lamented that his wandering god pronounced no word of encouragement, and that he gave no sign of hope to the chiefs of the haughty tribes of Aztlán.[1] . . . Oh, no! . . . Now it is profound confidence, faith in the future, that radiates in his black eyes!

"Calm thy just anxieties, warrior; recall the glories of the hunts in the mountains traversed by our sires. . . . Thou believest that only here the ducks of the lagoon sing monotonously . . . and that only the treacherous serpents hiss. . . . The *ocelotl*[2] will soon come to us, but we ought to hope to see beforehand that mansion of the Cuauhtli of the broad red wings . . . upon the green *tunal*,[3] in the nests of white willows," said Tenoch, and, folding his strong, knotted arms of bronze, he plunged, mute and ecstatic, into rare contemplation, his dark, thoughtful eyes opened toward the burning and ensanguined Omecatl.

. . . . .

The night came creeping up from the depths of the waters, lately refulgent and golden . . . the folds of darkness enveloped the bases of the mountains that inclosed the valley . . . and the stars looked down coldly and tremulously upon the restless, murmurous shadow of the solemn and melancholy lake. . . .

In red and yellow, lividly flashed the black waters afterward. . . .

Slowly . . . round and enormous, dyed in the light of blood, rending the clouds, broke through the moon . . . emerging, emerging . . . until, free

[1] In Náhuatl or Náhuatle, the language most generally spoken by the Mexican Indians, "place of the heron," the mythical spot, not yet determined, where the Aztecs are said to have dwelt, or whence they are represented as having set forth on their journey southward.—THE EDITOR.

[2] The Náhuatl word from which has been derived the word "ocelot", the Mexican leopard.—THE EDITOR.

[3] Apparently the author uses *tunal* in the sense of *nopal*, "prickly-pear," the plant that produces the *tuna*, although the common word for this plant is *nopal*, and *tunal* is the usual designation for a place where *nopales* grow.—THE EDITOR.

and quivering, it flooded the infinite valley with a sovereign burst of blood.

. . . . . .

"Look, look, Ocelopan! . . . Look!"

Tenoch, transfigured, had risen erect on the rock, facing the moon. . . . With his right hand stretched out toward the shining disk, he pointed to the black silhouette of the ancient volcanoes, whose shadows, enormous and terrible, rent the vast saffron splendor that was reflected by the waves of the lakes. An infinite expanse, an island of shadow, in that mighty, luminous, livid ocean! . . .

Ocelopan, gazed, terrified, and also in his radiant black eyes—as in the dark waters, as intensely black as the eyes of Tenoch—shone the red and tragic lightning. . . .

"Seest thou the sign of the queen of the night? Seest how she looks at us bathed in the blood of the lake?

"Here shall be set up the Mexican city, which shall be martial and mighty! . . . Ocelopan shall triumph; behold, what quantities of blood! Now let us await the will of the great Tonatiuh. Tomorrow even perhaps! . . . For the best of the warriors fly over the lake in swift barks . . . now are they consecrated."

After that night, while the fugitive *Mexica* people found refuge from the persecutions of the kings of the shores, beyond the islets that dotted the middle of the lake; while, trustful of its destiny, it lived miserably, fishing the waters, hunting and gathering grains of maize and yellow flowerets, sheltering itself in huts of rushes, reeds and straw, hidden amid the canebrake; the priests and leaders of the tribes sailed in search of the place indicated by their god Huitzilopochtli.

. . . . . .

One day Tenoch said to his court:

"The great god announces to me that you are seeking for the site on which our envoys cast the heart of the traitor Copil, the dastard that blasphemed Huitzilopochtli and that sold us to our enemies. . . . Remember that his heart was tossed toward the islands of the white willows. . . . Go to-morrow. . . . If you find them inhabited only . . . by humming-birds and butterflies . . . abandon them and never return to them; but if you see the nest of the beautiful Cuauhtli, the eagle that passes in the daytime facing the sun, kissing it, you will sing the triumphal hymn. . . ."

Xomimitl, Atexcatl and Axolohua, following with their gaze the course of the sun, arrived at the islet where a stain showed.

They disembarked, and, crashing through the cane-brake, they reached the front of the rock whence arose a green *tunal*.

But what a shout of sacred pleasure uttered the priestly leaders when they saw that on the rock was an enormous nest of white and red feathers, golden and silvern, very brilliant, with irridescences of scarlet light, clear white and emerald! . . .

Laving the luminous silkiness of the regal feathers of the nest, flowed, in threads of liquid crystal, two brooklets: one of sky-blue water, the other of precipitous and foamy lymph, purple and blood-red. . . .

Axolohua darted toward the red waters, longing to consecrate himself in the divine fountain; but when he approached his lips, he suddenly fell in . . . disappearing for ever. . . . At that very instant a colossal eagle, superb, with wide, red feathers, came and settled down upon the *tenochtli* . . . he bent his head toward the brooklets, and, thrusting in a claw, he extracted a long, green, wriggling serpent. . . . His regal wings outspread, one talon on the *tunal*, and the other strangling the reptile, with slow and measured pecks, the divine Cuauhtli gloriously devoured his prey.

It was the great sign! . . . Atexcatl and Xomimitl looked absorbedly at the supreme eagle; the symbolic *tenochtli*; the serpent that was the heart of the traitor Copil, the *Mexica* that sold his people at Chapultepec, betraying Huitzilihuitl; the blue and the red brooklets; and the foliage of the white willows that surrounded the spring.

There it was that the great Tenochtitlán was to be founded!

COLONIAL LIFE IN SPANISH AMERICA

EDITORIAL

On the ninth of October last, the centennial of the independence of Guayaquil was celebrated in Ecuador, throughout South America and in some other parts of the world. The Pan American Union in Washington participated in the celebration. The *Comercio Ecuatoriano*, from which the following article was taken, published an edition extraordinary in celebration of the occasion, devoting the major part of the issue to the centenary. We have chosen this article, not because we agree with many of the drastic and time-worn strictures of the conquerors and colonists as a whole, but because it sketches briefly the traditional view of the colonial life of Hispanic America that led to the struggle from which sprang independence. Following this article will be found a translation of the "Act of Independence," one of the historic documents of Ecuador.—THE EDITOR.

THE DOLEFUL PERIOD

WE ARE not attempting to write a history of the conquest of America, nor shall we say anything new, after all the writings and comments of authors of both worlds, regarding so memorable an event and about the harsh tyranny by which it was accompanied; but, as it is necessary —for the objects of this work, which commemorates the centenary of the independence of Guayaquil as a feature of continental autonomy—to take a glance at the past and contemplate for a moment the Spanish domination, in order to make clear the importance her emancipation from the colonial yoke possessed for America, and the fruits she has gathered during the first century of independent life; and we shall make this retrospective excursus by contributing very little on our part, and giving place, in order better to document it, to more respectable and conscientious Spanish and American chroniclers and historians.

We ought merely to inform the reader that the exhibition of the somber pictures that will soon be presented and the grave mistakes that will be entered in the account of the colonizers do not involve any bitter or angry reproach on our part in respect of the mother-country, which is worthy of all our regard and our greatest respect. The reproach will be applied to the period, which could produce nothing else, either for Spain or for the world that was discovered by the illustrious Christopher Columbus and laid at the feet of the Catholic sovereigns.

Much less may the misdeeds committed in America be thrown in the face of the mother-country as a nation, when the Spanish historians of the period themselves, actuated by the most ardent spirit of justice, were the first to condemn the excesses of the conquest and the rigors of the colony, generous hidalgos and men of upright conscience that they were. What, however, could be expected of the adventurous elements that came to these shores and that brought as a device:

> God is very high above; the king very far away; and I am the master here!

What could be expected of their goodness or clemency, when they themselves tore one another to pieces, blinded by ambition and avarice? What of their culture, if they did not know how to read or write? What of their administration, when they understood only how to ravage a conquered country? No; Spain was not responsible for those errors; it was the times, as was said by the Iberian poet; but, on the other hand, she gave us her blood, her language, her race.

This Hispanic race, of whose lineage we are proud, as has just been said, in a fine address by the president of the Unión Ibero-Americana of Panamá[1], is a Protean, multiform and vigorous race, and one that has brought out in its offspring the whole gamut of the energies, beauties and emotions that the spirit of man is capable of producing: a race of conquerors and mystics, of soldiers and saints, of philosophers and troubadours, of artists of the pen, of the brush and of the chisel; an adventurous

[1]Don Ricardo J. Alfaro, 1919.

and picturesque race, passionate, sensitive, generous and valiant; a prodigious race that has shone in politics, with Carlos V, Jiménez de Cisneros, Carlos III; in jurisprudence, with Alfonso el Sabio; in saintliness, with Teresa de Jesús and José de Callasanz; in arms, with Gonzalo de Córdoba, Jaime el Conquistador and Juan de Austria; in letters, with Cervantes, the supreme mind that we find more and more stupendous in proportion as we contemplate him across three centuries of glory; and in the arts, with Montañés, the sculptor of sorrows, Velázquez, the magician of claro-obscuro, Goya, the genius of strength, and Murillo, the incomparable mystic, who did not paint with brush or colors, but with the rays of the sun and with patches of sky.

At the same time, Spanish America can glory in having given to the world heroes that remind us of those of ancient Rome, like Antonio Ricaurte and La Pola; soldiers of the first order, like Sucre and San Martín; statesmen as colossal as Bolívar; poets of such flaming inspiration as Olmedo and Darío; thinkers like Sarmiento, Hostos and Arosemena; poligraphs of such genius as Montalvo, Arboleda and Acosta; savants as profound as Caldas and Ameghino, as Cuervo and Caro; and jurisconsults of the stature of Bello, Barbosa and Bustamente.

With the vitalizing stimulus of this wholesome environment in a calm epoch; with generous longings for peace and concord between Iberians and Americans, let us now penetrate the dusty, time-worn archives and lay bare the history of three centuries.

ABORIGINES AND CONQUERORS

America, at the time of its discovery, was found to be populated, and it contained in its vast territories great empires, numerous tribes and divers races that spoke two thousand languages. Four powerful states flourished here from remote times, governed by kings whose dynasties dated from the year 1000 *anno Domini:* the empire of México, that of the Bogotás, that of the Shiris and that of the Incas.

The historian, Cieza de León, expressed the highest praise of American civilization in the period of the conquest, and he said that he had seen veritable prodigies in works of art, wrought in precious metals or in wood or stone, and beautiful fabrics, articles of dress and architectural structures.

Prescott, in turn, adds the following:

> Those who may distrust the accounts of Peruvian industry will find their doubts removed on a visit to the country. The traveler still meets, especially in the central regions of the table-land, with memorials of the past, remains of temples, palaces, fortresses, terraced mountains, great military roads, aqueducts and other public works, which, whatever degree of science they may display in their execution, astonish him by their number, the massive character of the materials and the grandeur of the design. Among them, perhaps the most remarkable are the great roads, the broken remains of which are still in sufficient preservation to attest their former magnificence. There were many of these roads, traversing different parts of the kingdom; but the most considerable were the two which extended from Quito to Cuzco.[2]

The conqueror might have come to improve with his higher civilization and superior knowledge the valuable manifestations of progress that he found in such prosperous states by making them strong and opulent for the greater glory and honor of Spain. However, because, ununfortately of the very nature of the enterprise, it could not be a wholesome, cultured and generous contingent that would come to these lands, bringing to them the abundant elements of European civilization, but, as we have already said, very hordes of adventurers, thirsting for fortune, who came to sow terror among the American peoples and to disgrace themselves in all manner of abominations.

If there were some men of learning and conscience that witnessed the horrors of

[2]William Hickling Prescott, an American historian and the author of the *History of the Conquest of Perú* and other important works on Spanish America, 1725-1795.—Author's Note.

The author apparently used a Spanish translation of Prescott's comment taken from the French of *Perou et Bolivie: Études archéologiques et ethnographiques des populationns indiennes,* by Charles Viener, Paris, 1880. We have taken the passage directly from Prescott's original. The author's mistake in the date of Prescott's birth and death will be apparent to all, since Prescott belonged to the nineteenth century: 1796-1859.—The Editor.

the conquest, they never ceased to condemn the barbarity of their contemporaries by their words and by the pen, writing histories in the somber pages of which still palpitates the just indignation of an honorable conscience.

Cieza de León, the historian we have cited above, was one of those most deeply convinced that the discovery and conquest of America by the Spaniards was a design of Providence, who favored in a visible manner the nation chosen for this enterprise; but when he comes to narrate the atrocious attitude of the conquerors toward the Indians, the lofty spirit of the veracious chronicler rebels, and he hurls the most terrible anathemas at his contemporaries.

So he considered as the just punishment of Heaven: the death of Carvajal; the tremendous end of Jorge Robledo, who pursued with dogs and assassinated with crossbows hundreds of Indians; the desperate death of Rodríguez de Sosa and Baltazar de Ledesma; the assassination of García de Tovar, the slaughterer of men; and the desolation of the *Adelantado* Belalcázar, in his latter days, deprived of honors and fortune, abandoned and sad when death came and surprised him in Cartagena.

He spoke next of the tyrants that did Atabaliba (Atahualpa) to death, and he said that a few died natural deaths, that all the rest died miserably and by violence.

ATAHUALPA AND HIS DEATH

Atahualpa was the sovereign of Quito at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards,[3] to whom he wrote with kindness and toward whom he showed himself to be confiding and generous. He was the victim of a cowardly ambuscade in Cajamarca that cost him his liberty and afterward his life, although he had paid for his ransom a fabulous quantity of gold.[4]

Prescott thus paints the portrait of the august victim:

> He had a handsome countenance . . . his body was muscular and well proportioned; his air commanding; and his deportment in the Spanish quarters had a degree of refinement, the more interesting that it was touched with melancholy. He is accused of having been cruel in his wars and bloody in his revenge. It may be true, but the pencil of an enemy would be likely to overcharge the shadows of the portrait. He is allowed to have been bold, high-minded and liberal. All agree that he showed singular penetration and quickness of perception. His exploits as a warrior had placed his valor beyond dispute. The best homage to it is the reluctance shown by the Spaniards to restore him to freedom. They dreaded him as an enemy, and they had done him too many wrongs to think that he could be their friend. Yet his conduct toward them from the first had been most friendly, and they repaid it with imprisonment, robbery and death.[5]

Pizarro took upon his conscience this wretched crime. Among his accomplices was Father Valverde, whose ungrateful memory a modern Ecuadorian writer has undertaken to defend.

THE SHADE OF THE INCA

The death of the Inca[6] is mentioned in the following passage from Olmedo's *Canto a Bolivar*,[7] when he speaks of the shade of Huainacápac, the father of the martyr:

There is no spot amid these valleys or these mountains
That sends not forth the most distressing recollections;
Myriads of ensanguined torrents cross one another
Here and there; the innumerable tribes,
At the clamor of the cannon, were dissipated;
And the mortal remains of my people
Fecundated even the very rocks.
Beyond, a son of his sacred majesty
Expires among the unworthy swords. . . .
An insolent and vile adventurer[8]
And a wrathful priest[9] were
The assassins of a powerful king. . . .

[3] Francisco Pizarro and his lieutenants.

[4] Doctor Francisco Campos has written much on Atahualpa in his *Galería biográfica de hombres célebres ecuatorianos;* in his *Compendio histórico de Guayaquil* and in his *Tradiciones ecuatorianas*. Doctor César Villavicencio is the author of a good and extensive biography of the Inca.

[5] *History of the Conquest of Peru*, by William Hickling Prescott, J. B. Lippincott and company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1882, pages 473 and 474.—THE EDITOR.

[6] Atahualpa was executed on August 29, 1533.

[7] The full title of the poem is *La victoria de Junín, canto a Bolívar*.—THE EDITOR.

[8] Francisco Pizarro.

[9] Vicente Valverde.

So many horrors and so many wickednesses
For the gold we spurned beneath our feet![10]

Shortly afterward, General don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, swayed by the demon of avarice—says the historian—turned cruel and faithless, for under pretence of ascertaining what had happened to the treasury of Tisquesusa, the sovereign dethroned by Zaquesazipa, he laid hold of the latter, putting him to death by the torture he applied to him, and he strangled others in the lands of Bogotá.

Don Francisco de Toledo, the viceroy of Perú, showed similar cruelty to the last descendant of the dynasty of the Incas, Túpac Amaru, whom he ordered beheaded, believing that he was thus rendering a valuable service to the crown, without accomplishing anything else than to spread horror among Spaniards and Indians, and to merit the most bitter and just reproach of Felipe II.

BARTOLOMÉ DE LAS CASAS[11]

How much was written about this infamous period by the magnanimous Bartolomé de las Casas, the great philanthropist, who was the protector and friend of the Indians, as, later, was Father Pedro Claver (called the apostle of the negroes) the protector of the slaves. An allusion to Father Las Casas and a reference to the cruelties of the conquest are found in this other passage, which our illustrious poet already mentioned placed in the mouth of the Inca Huainacápac in the same epic song:

War to the usurper! What do we owe him—
Enlightenment, customs, religion or laws?—
If they were stupid, vicious,
Ferocious, and, in the end, superstitious?
What religion? That of Jesus? Blasphemers!
Blood, swift lead, chains were
The sacred sacraments that they brought us.
O religion! O fountain pure and holy
Of love and consolation for men!
How many evils have been wrought in thy name!
And what bonds of love? . . . For the offices
Of the most generous hospitality
They gave us swords; for gratitude, torments.
All, yes, all—save only one,
The martyr of American love,
Of peace, of charity, the holy apostle:
Divine Las Casas, worthy of another country.
He loved us even unto death. Now therefore
In the empyrean he dwells among the Incas.[12]

IN UTTER BARBARITY

Let us turn to Father Niza:[13]

Ampudia, a lieutenant of Balalcázar's, sent for Ruyes, a great lord among those who lived in Quito, and, burning his feet, he applied severe torture to him to make him tell where

[10] *La victoria de Junín, canto a Bolívar,* by José Joaquín Olmedo, *Poesías,* page 63, edition of Garnier Frères, Paris.—THE EDITOR.

[11] Bartolomé de las Casas, a celebrated Spanish missionary, born in Sevilla (1474-1556): he accompanied Diego Velázquez to Cuba in 1511, and he quickly attracted attention by his assiduous effort in behalf of the Indians and in opposition to the excesses of the soldiers; he preached against the enslavement of the natives in Santo Domingo, and in 1515 he returned to Spain and outlined to Fernando plans for the government of the Indians; with more or less success he continued his enterprises with Cardinal Cisneros and Carlos V, passing back and forth between America and Spain; in 1527 he was sent to Nicaragua to convert the Indians, but, pursued by his enemies, he passed to Guatemala and thence he was sent by the governor to Spain in search of missionaries; the emperor appointed him Bishop of Cuzco, Perú, but he declined to accept the office, and he was made bishop of Chiapa (Chiapas); in 1541, he embarked for Spain, renouncing the bishopric in 1550 and retiring to the convent of San Gregorio, in Valladolid, where he died. He wrote: *Destrucción de las Indias; De unico vocationis modo,* and *Historia general de las Indias.* He has been called the "protector of the Indians." and with a pious mind and the best of intentions he devoted many years of his life to efforts in behalf of them. It must be admitted however, that in his ardent advocacy of the cause of the Indians, against the Spanish conquerors and colonizers, he almost habitually exaggerated the cruelties of the Spaniards and somewhat idealized the natives. The result was that Las Casas probably did more than any other Spaniard or foreigner to prejudice the reputation of his countrymen. Curiously enough, many historians, of countries ordinarily hostile to Spain, were discriminating enough to discount the absurd numerical and geographical inaccuracies of Las Casas, while accepting his slanderous statements regarding the Spaniards, in their treatment of the Indians, as established fact. Herrera, in his *Décadas* with its repulsive illustrations, perpetuated the errors of Las Casas and did much to bring ill-fame upon the Spaniards. There is an urgent demand for a discerning non-Spanish historian who shall open the case for Spain, in regard to her general treatment of the Ameircan Indians, and, indeed, in regard to her whole colonial method.—THE EDITOR.

[12] *La victoria de Junín, canto a Bolívar,* by José Joaquín Olmedo, *Poesías,* page 65, edition of Garnier Frères, Paris.—THE EDITOR.,

[13] Marcos de Niza, an Italian missionary, the discoverer of Sonora, who lived between the years 1510 and 1570. He was a Franciscan monk, and he came to America as a missionary. He published notable writings relative to the Spanish rule.

Atahualpa's treasury was. So also he burned alive Chamba, another very important lord, without his being guilty of any crime or having done anything to merit such treatment. In like manner, he burned Cozopanga, the former governor of the province of Quito, who had come in peace; and because he had not given him as much gold as he asked for, and because he knew nothing about the hidden treasure, he burned him, with other chiefs and leading men; and in so far as I am able to understand his purpose, it was that there might remain no lord in the land.

Although the Spaniards have a well earned reputation for moderation and sobriety, the avarice aroused in them by the contemplation of the vast treasures in the possession of the Indians caused them to treat the Indians with barbarity by exercising the most unbridled tyranny and by putting into execution the most frightful crimes. So they invaded with blood and fire the vast regions conquered, and they demanded that they should be shown, under pain of death, the place in which the riches was hidden. They pursued the fugitives, making use of hunting-dogs, which they were wont to feed on the flesh of the Indians. It was that the inordinate thirst for gold led the Spaniards to tarnish with horrible acts the glory of their own deeds. Happily for the reputation of the race, the peninsulars themselves possessed among their number historians of recognized sensibility that condemned the crimes, anathematizing them with severity.

THE VICEROYALTIES

During the first years of the colony, all the regions of Central and South America were under a single viceroy, who had his residence in Lima; but the enormous extent of the conquered lands and the difficulty of communication, chiefly,compelled the division of the colony into three great viceroyalties: those of Perú, Nueva Granada and Buenos Aires, those of Nueva Granada and Buenos Aires being created in 1717 and 1776, respectively.

As to the *audiencias:*[14] there existed those of Paraná, Caracas, Santa Fe, Quito, Lima, Cuzco, Charcas, Santiago and Buenos Aires All these divisions were subject to changes, suppressions and restorations, during certain periods; but they continued at length in the form indicated above.

The viceroyalty of Nuevo Reino de Granada comprised the three royal *audiencias* of Quito, Santa Fe and Caracas.

THE PRESIDENCY OF QUITO

The presidency of Quito included the seven subaltern governments of Popayán, Guayaquil, Cuenca, Macas, Quijos, Jaén de Bracamoros and Mainas; the *corregimientos*[15] of Ibarra, Otavalo, Latacunga, Riobamba, Chimbo and Loja, and the *tenencias*[16] of Abato and Bargacoas.

To the government of Cuenca belonged the *tenencia* of Alausi, and to that of Guayaquil the *tenencias* of Babahoyo, Baba, Daule, Palenque, Portoviejo, Santa Elena, Puná, Naranjal and Yaguachi.

SPAIN'S IMMENSE DOMINIONS

The dominions of Spain, beginning with the discovery of America, extended so widely over the face of the planet, that the famous phrase, "the sun never sets on the dominions of the king of Spain," was an undeniable reality, as was, in like manner, the opinion of a certain historian, that this extent of land comprised something like the half of the surface of the moon.

OWNERS AND LORDS OF A WORLD

Unfortunately the kings of Spain did not possess the colonizing spirit that would have led them to enrich these regions, thus causing them to prosper through the broad utilization of their wealth, and they pursued as their only object the securing of abundant returns, as quickly and as easily as possible, for the

[14] *Audiencia,* in the legal sense is literally a "hearing;" thence it comes to mean a place where a hearing is granted, and the court of justice that includes a certain demarcation or territory, such as the *audiencia de Madrid, audiencia de Panamá.*—THE EDITOR.

[15] *Corregimiento,* the office or employment of a *corregidor:* the *corregidor,* literally, a "corrector," but in practice, an official, appointed by the crown, who exercised in a more or less definite district the functions, at one and the same time, of magistrate and mayor or civil governor.—THE EDITOR.

[16] *Tenencia,* the office or charge of a *teniente;* in the military sense, a "lieutenant;" in the political sense, an official in charge of a city, locality or armed place, as the second in command under a governor.—THE EDITOR.

benefit of the mother-country and of the crown.

Carlos V remembered and brought again into play the old, false ideas of economy, and he authorized the traffic in negroes, loaded the colonies with the burdens of very heavy taxes and the obligations of a useless consumption, thus causing the settlers to live at the cost of the laborers and harrying them as much as possible through tithes, tariffs and other taxes.

Instead of Spain's considering herself a discovering nation, she deemed herself to be a conquering one, and these countries were not, in truth, colonies, but simply possessions of the king, who distributed them according to his whim among his subjects, burdening them with tithes and tributes, and governing them by means of placemen. The colonists were deprived of every privilege, and what was of moment was not that the lands should be cultivated, but that they should pay very high rates.

THE KING'S FIFTH

As an indication of the kind of administration to which the colonies were subjected, we have the following clause, contained in all the stipulations of the kings of Spain, in respect of their vassals, the conquerors:

> However, and in virtue of the rights and laws of our kingdom, when our people or the captains of our armada shall take prisoner any prince or lord of the lands where, by our command, they may make war, the ransom of such lord or chief belongs to us, with all the other chattels that may be found with, or belong to, the same; but, in consideration of the great labors or dangers that our subjects passed through in the conquest of the Indies, and in recognition and recompense of them, we declare and command that if in the said our conquests or governments, there be captured or taken any chief or lord, of all the treasures, gold or silver or pearls that shall be taken from him in the guise of ransom or in any other manner, there shall be given to us the sixth part, and the rest shall be distributed among the conquerors, our fifth first being taken out; and in case the said chief or lord be killed in battle or afterward in the application of justice or in any other way provided for in such a case, of the above mentioned treasures or goods that shall justly be come at through him, we are to have the half, and the which shall, first of all be collected by our officials, and the other part shall be distributed, first taking out our fifth.

RACE HATRED

Such was the cruelty of the Spaniards, not only toward the aborigines, but also toward the creoles; and so stupid was their administration in isolating America from all contact with countries other than Spain, that it is difficult to imagine how there might not be in the peninsula even a single statesman that would foresee rebellion as an event that would occur inevitably as a logical consequence of the premises of tyranny established by the domineering nation.

Nevertheless, men of science, like the illustrious Jorge Juan and Antonio de Ulloa, came to these countries, and they related all they saw, testifying that there was fermenting a justifiable hatred of the mother-country. The illustrious Vasco Núñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific ocean, wrote to the king as follows:

> A favor I wish to beseech your highness to do me, and it is that your highness shall not order any bachelors of laws or any other kind of bachelor, except one of medicine, to pass to these parts of the *tierra firme*,[17] under a heavy penalty that your highness may order provided, that no bachelor shall come hither, unless he be a devil; bachelors lead the life of devils, and not only are they bad, but they even stir up lawsuits and deviltries.

This proves that even people of education came merely from a spirit of speculation. What must the soldiers of the conquest have been—illiterate, as they were, in the main!

Race hatred, provoked by the oppression that the Spaniards exercised, reached such a point that Antonio de Ulloa and Jorge Juan made this sorrowful remark in their works:

> It is curious to hear some repeat that if they could cast out of their veins the blood of the Spaniards that they have received from their

[17] In the ordinary sense and as a common noun, *tierra firme* means "mainland," "continent," as distinguished from islands; as a proper noun and historically, it was applied vaguely to the Caribbean coast of South America and Central America, although sometimes limited to the isthmus of Panamá. —THE EDITOR.

fathers, they would do so at once, in order that it might not be mingled with that of their mothers.

THE EXCLUSION OF THE NATIVES

Every door of aspiration was closed against the natives in the subaltern spheres of administration. The sons of the country had no right to the higher offices, whatsoever their capacity or merits might be. Very few were the exceptions in favor of offices held by the natives of America. Our historian Cevallos says the following in this respect:

Because of the contempt and distrust with which the Spaniards regarded the creoles, even of the ordinary *alcaldes*,[18] only one might be an American and the other a peninsular. This national punctilio led them to another, perhaps even more puerile, and it was that the one said to be of the first vote, that is, the first named, had to be a Spaniard; a trifling affair, it is true but one that established and preserved distinctions that must naturally have wounded the patriotic pride.

In all the regions of America, the creole elements resented this injurious exclusiveness, which irritated the minds of the people more every day and prepared them for future reprisals.

THE CLERGY IN AMERICA

Another element that gained dislike for Spain was the clergy, which had increased not a little in the mother-country, in its secular and regular branches; for many persons of little knowledge and none too assured morality desired to seek that means of coming to America to slake the thirst for gold that was awakened in them by the news of the wealth of the new continent. To this unwholesome element was added that of the friars and parish priests who, repenting of the rigid vows with which they had bound themselves in Spain, came to the conquered lands to live a freer life. The mendicant friars could hold parishes and receive tithes, and they were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, all of which caused many to go astray, by giving themselves over to the dissoluteness or sordid avarice of which there were so many examples.

COMMERCE DURING THE COLONIAL PERIOD

"In order to hold the Americas in subjection," said the celebrated statesman, Flores Estrada, "the Spanish government adopted the favorite maxim followed by the conquerors, that is: To prevent every means of prosperity in order that the peoples might not have resources in hand, in case they should attempt to rise. Besides the hindrances it placed upon their freedom of commerce, it did not permit the Americans any factory or manufacture known in Europe, nor were they allowed to cultivate any of the products that could be brought to them from Spain. . . ."

The commerce of such vast dominions being confined to but one small part of the Spanish merchants, their products could by no means acquire the value or the growth that are imparted to all the articles of commerce by an increase of buyers, an increase that is supplied only by free participation; and the result was either that the products remained buried in the soil or that they were sold at the miserable prices that consumers always pay when their number is very limited.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Regarding public instruction, we give place to our illustrious compatriot, Doctor Alfredo Espinoza Tamayo:

Education was confined to the privileged only, and it was limited to reading and to the elementary notions of its lower grade; to the study of Latin and of grammar in the medium grade; and to law and theology as university studies. Classes in physics and mathematics were established only at the close of the colonial period. Instruction was in the hands of the clergy and of the Dominicans. The Augustinians and the Jesuits opened colleges and universities that diffused among the higher classes the knowledge that was then imparted in Spain. The people were steeped in ignorance, and even the practice of many of the useful arts was unknown. It is necessary to recognize, however, that if the Spanish clergy retained possession of the sciences and educated the colonies in religious fanaticism, on the other hand, it was, in its way and according to the system of the period, an element of progress, inasmuch as to it

[18] The presidents of the *ayuntamientos* or municipal or district councils, corresponding to mayors or intendants; where there is no higher authority, the *alcalde* may also represent the central government.—THE EDITOR.

was due instruction in many kinds of knowledge contributed from the Old World by the religious communities. The inquisition was very rigid in respect of the introduction and circulation of books, and the spread of culture was hampered by this cause.

Nevertheless, it is but just to recognize that there were men that shone for their virtues and their talents.

In the presidency of Quito, there stood out as men of letters and publicists: Fathers Juan Bautista de Aguirre, Carlos Arboleda, Mariano Andrade, Jacinto Eiva, Ambrosio Larrea, Joaquín Larrea, Jacinto Morán de Buitró, Friars José Maldonado, José Orosco, Alonso Peñafiel, Ramón Viesca, Alonso de Lojas and Doctors Nicolás Pastrana and Antonio Viteri y Orosco; as jurisconsults, Doctors Gabriel Álvarez del Cerro, Mariano Egas, Venedas de Córdoba, José Fernández Salvador and José de Peralta y Mendoza; as geographers, don Pedro Vicente Maldonado and don Antonio de Alcedo; as physicians, Doctors Francisco Eugenio Espejo and Manuel Coronado (an Indian); as naturalists, Pedro Franco Dávila and Friar Bernardo Serrano; as a parliamentary orator, José Mejía Lequerica; and as historians, Jacinto Callahuazo (an Indian) and Father Juan de Velasco.

NOTABLE EVENTS

In the presidency of Quito, occurred two great scientific events during the colonial period: the coming of the French academicians, La Condamine, Bourger and Godin, commissioned by the Académie Royale des Sciences of France to determine, with measurements of the arc of the meridian, taken on the table-land, the size and form of the earth. They arrived in 1736, accompanied by the illustrious officers of the Spanish armada, don Jorge Juan and don Antonio de Ulloa. Afterward the observations and measurements were verified, and the commission erected the pyramids of Caraburo and Oyambaro, set up near Quito, to fix and preserve the extremes of the basis of the astronomical operations that they had effected beneath the equatorial line.

The other scientific occurrence was the visit made in 1799, to the same presidency of Quito, by the learned Baron Alexander von Humboldt, accompanied by the young botanist Monsieur Bonpland.

All the members of the French scientific body, as well as the two Spaniards and the Englishman, wrote very interesting works relative to their observations, and to them we owe the first technical studies regarding South America.

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE PERIOD

The résumé of the colonial period is marked by these characteristics: an unrestricted tyranny in respect of the indigenes; indifference and contempt toward the creoles; commercial isolation, restrictions and hindrances placed upon the introduction of learning, as is proven by the efforts of the prominent men of the period to overcome the hostility of the environment in their struggle for advancement; the ignorance of the masses; and religious fanaticism.

Let us say, like the great thinker: "It was the fault of the times and not of Spain."

THE LAW OF VENGEANCES

BY

RAMIRO DE MAEZTÚ

Those who chanced to see the first number of English *Inter-America*, that of October, 1917, will recall the striking article entitled "Necessity' in Law," by this author. In the present article, he discusses the recurrence of hatreds and vengeances, his conviction being that hatred begets hatred, and vengeance begets vengeance. Beginning with the contention of Herodotus, that "the alternation of vengeances is the ultimate and perennial law of human history," and recognizing that this may be, and probably is, true, as long as the desire for vengeance be entertained and fostered, but taking issue with the Greek historian as to its being a permanent and necessary human condition, he holds that "there are already too many men that are scandalized to the depths of their hearts at the idea of being in the meshes of the goddess of vengeance, like playthings in the hands of children;" and he pleads for the self-imposition of the higher law, the law of the Christian spirit, that of forgiveness, which will distinguish between a guilty government and certain innocent elements of the people, and will not consciously visit punishment indiscriminately alike upon the guilty and the guiltless.—THE EDITOR.

HERODOTUS, "the father of history," was also the father of the philosophy of history, inasmuch as he believed he had discovered a law to which events were to be adjusted. "The alternation of vengeances is the ultimate and perennial law of human history." This sentence of Herodotus's has been recalled as a commentary upon the treaty of peace that was signed some time ago at Versailles. No one in particular was to blame for it; but, just as the treaty of 1870 was followed by this one of 1919, in which the conquerors are now preparing accumulations of defensive forces against the already feared return of the offensive forces, so it is to be feared that the date of 1919 will be followed by another in the present century that may mark the new swing of the pendulum of Herodotus.

Plutarch wrote a small treatise on the malignity of Herodotus. The malignity of Herodotus consists in relating also the evil actions of the Greeks of the great period. Plutarch would have desired that there should be no mention of anything but their great deeds. It seemed very bad to Plutarch that Herodotus should tell how the oracle of Delphi was bought, and that a party in Athens sought to betray the city after the battle of Marathon, and that the Persians were worse armed than the Spartans at the battle of Platæa. Plutarch believed that by these details the luster of the Hellade was tarnished, and he preferred that they be omitted. It was because truth was of no importance to Plutarch, save in a secondary sense. What was of first importance was to persuade his Roman readers that the Greeks were the greatest teachers of humanity, and that the Romans were pupils worthy of their masters. The pens that write for the public ought to bear the device: "Flatter, and thou wilt rule."

Herodotus traveled much as a youth. Toward the north, he reached the Danube; toward the south, Assuan; toward the east, Shushan; and toward the west, Sicily. He wished to see the world. Even more than in scenery, he was interested in peoples and their sayings, and therefore his history abounds as much in legends and anecdotes as in narrations of important events. Only one thing seemed to interest him more than any other, and it was the reason why the Greeks and barbarians fought periodically.

A Jew would never have stated this problem. He would have thought it self-explanatory because, since the people of Israel was that of the true God, and the other peoples were worshipers of false gods, it was natural that Israel and the foreigners should hate each other like dogs and cats. Herodotus was too perspicacious to be content with the explanation that "since we are so good, we must be hated by the bad." What Herodotus believed of the Greeks was that they were quicker, not better. Herodotus relates that the young Persians were educated as gentlemen. Their virtues were truthfulness, courage,

loyalty, simplicity. Herodotus did not conceal his pleasure in citing Cyrus's definition of a Greek market as "An established place where people may gather and deceive one another under oath."

Thinking that the barbarians and the Greeks had their virtues and their vices, Herodotus came to the conclusion that their wars were due to the alternation of vengeances. This alternation was a natural law, he said, like the succession of day and night or that of the seasons of the year. Herodotus did not approve or disapprove of it. It was one of the ways of life, and it is well known that life is a wheel on which those that are below ascend, and those that are above come down. That is to say, to know that one does not know, but the pagans thought they knew that the power of fate was greater than that of goodness, and this belief, in which the whole of paganism was summed up, has not disappeared from the earth. When Herodotus described Menander as "the man that wished to be just and found it impossible," he said only what a clever Parisian journalist would say of President Wilson.

As old, however, as the belief in the power of fate is the desire to escape its influence. All men of good will have occupied themselves with seeking a way to escape the wheel of the alternation of vengeances. The particular way of Christianity consists in reciting paternosters. The paternoster seems to be a very simple affair, because it is composed almost exclusively of petitions, and in asking there is no deceit; but in it there is a clause that is not a petition. At the same time that we ask God to forgive us our debts, we give assurance that we also have forgiven our debtors.

Do we indeed forgive them? Then they stand forgiven. Do we not forgive them? Then we are lying at the time we are praying, and our prayers are addressed to the devil. To recite the Lord's Prayer is, as we see, easier than to pray it with all our heart; but in praying it with all our heart, we break the magic and mournful alternation of vengeances. This is redemption.

The world is going badly, but I think men will not resign themselves to an indefinite continuance of the alternation of vengeances; religious faith has declined greatly, but there are already too many men that are scandalized to the depths of their hearts at the idea of being in the meshes of the goddess of vengeance like playthings in the hands of children. It is easier, however, to rebel intellectually against fatality than to forgive our debtors; and we must forgive them. This is the only thing that the Father demands of his children, and he will do the rest.

The alternation of vengeance is not the ultimate and perennial law of human history, as Herodotus says. Histories speak even of hardened hearts that have sometimes forgiven their enemies, and a single exception would be sufficient to prevent our speaking of an ultimate and perennial law; but what is natural in the injured man is rancor and a passion for vengeance. Forgiveness is not usually within the reach of others than those gentlemen of soul that are capable of ruling their own spirits.

Even without this grandeur of forgiveness, mere good sense would cause Peter and John to abolish the alternation of vengeances, if it were, so to speak, the same stone upon which each dashed himself successively. For some day it would occur to one of them that it would be better to leave the stone in peace than to continue to threaten and to wound themselves indefinitely. I even fancy that this is the true reason why the Capulets and Montagues should end by making peace.

What perpetuates the alternation of vengeances between nations is that their effects spread and become complicated in the very peculiar responsibility of men for juridical fictions. Two hundred or so magnates were able, five years ago, to unchain a war in which ten million men died directly, and in consequence of which it is possible that two-thirds of the Caucasian race will degenerate perhaps definitively: all the Slavic branch, the larger part of the Germanic, a good part of the Latin, and the Turano-Turkish, the Hungarian and the Finnish.

An item: in Prague, the capital of the new republic of the Czechoslovaks, many of the recently born children weigh only three pounds, when the mean weight of normal

children at birth is seven pounds. The commission of the Swiss Red Cross, which recently visited Germany, asserts that the mean weight of children of three months and a half is five pounds, when it ought to be about fourteen pounds. These are official figures, but of even more value for me is the memory of those children, white as earth-worms and thin as bones, that, in December last, used to surround our automobile and stop us in the streets of Cologne.

It is the result of human solidarity. It has been sought to make of solidarity an ideal. In reality, it is a fact as majestic as it is terrible. If we cut down the trees, our children will live on barren wastes. If we set out trees, our children will enjoy their shade. What happens in the material world happens also in the spiritual. If we let our political life become corrupt, future generations will suffer under corrupt governments, provided they do not put forth extraordinary efforts to render them moral.

From the fact that we as men are all solidary—solidary as far as we are affected, more or less, by the consequences of each act—it has been deduced, by an aberration as curious as inexplicable, that men are also solidary in respect of responsibilities. By virtue of this aberration—because it is an aberration to suppose that collectivities have a soul and can be responsible for anything—all international law has been based on the so-called principle of continuity by which peoples are eternally responsible for the acts of their rulers, although they may have hurled them from power and renounced their acts.

The solidarity of men is a natural and unalterable fact. As the world is a compound of unstable equilibriums, there is only wanting an occasion to feel that:

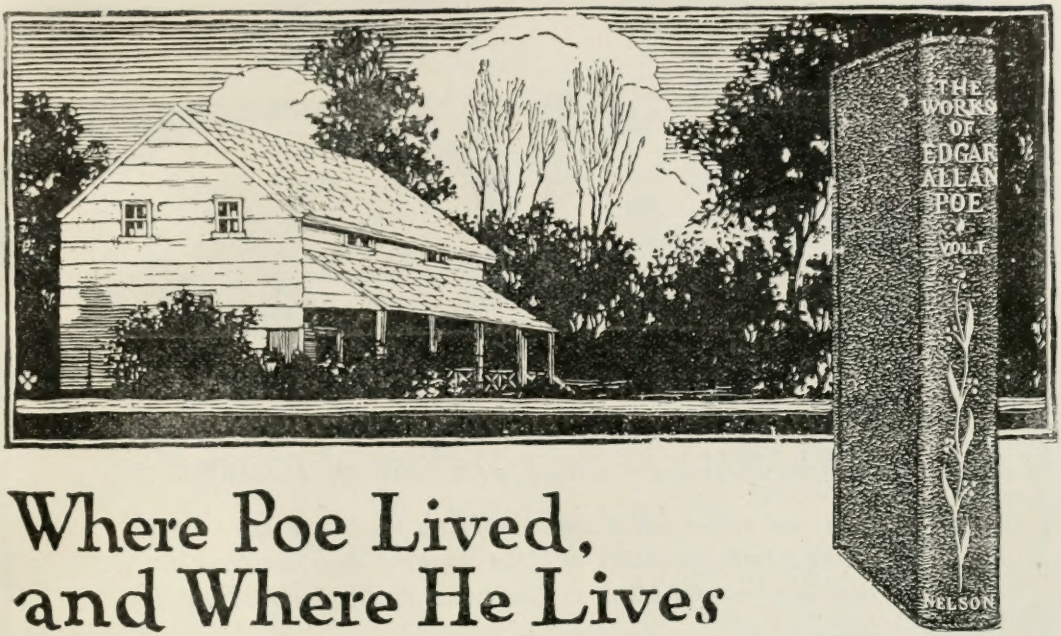
> . . . . in Cádiz would reverberate
> A kiss bestowed in far Canton.

Every act and every omission affects, throughout time and space, the rest of humanity. Yet the principle of the continuity of states is a human creation—avoidable, reformable—since it does not cease to be a juridical fiction. It is this principle of continuity that perpetuates the alternation of vengeances.

It can never be prevented—because we as men are solidary—that wars shall affect persons that have not had any part in them. If, however, by virtue of the principle of continuity, every people should be declared responsible for a war of which its rulers alone and a part of the people are guilty, and all that people be forecd to repair the injuries caused, an evident injustice is done by it to that part of the people that is not guilty of the damages. Thus wrong is done to certain men, and future vengeance is made ready.

It is inevitable that the children of Cologne will have to pay for the sins of the kaiser, but it is absurd that the principle of continuity should proclaim the responsibility of those little ones. I know very well that all international law, and therefore international relations, are based on the postulate that the government of a country is not only solidary, but responsible to foreign governments for all the acts of all the governments that have preceded it. International public law overlooks the distinction between peoples and governments. Ambassadors do not deal with peoples. For them there are no other peoples than the ministers of foreign affairs.

These, however, are juridical fictions. My readers and I know perfectly well that the poor people of Cologne are not guilty of the European war. Also we know that the endless alternation of vengeances outrages our Christian consciousness. It is entirely possible that we may be ignorant of the way to cause the international life to adjust itself to our Christian consciousness, but we are aware of the necessity of investigating it, because if it is not binding to forgive our debtors, it will at least be so to forgive the debts of those that owe us nothing, since they are merely the necessary heirs to an inheritance of debts. Private law, more pitying, at least concedes the right to repudiate the inheritance.



Where Poe Lived, and Where He Lives

IT is well that the cottage at Fordham where Edgar Allan Poe dwelt and wrote should be preserved with all reverence.

Yet the home of Poe today is rather in the books that bear his name. Poe, Dickens, and Shakespeare are known to thousands who never made a pilgrimage to Fordham, Mile End Terrace, or Stratford-on-Avon.

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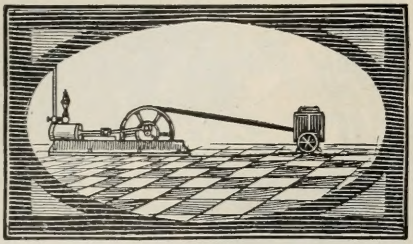

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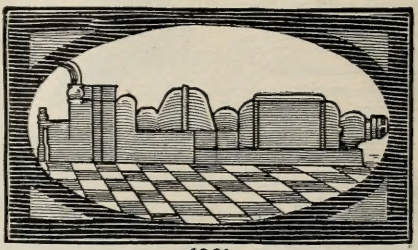

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